"WHEN NIGHTS ARE LONGEST." See page ii. of cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII No. 499 | SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1915 | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

993974

For meaning of this number see page 25.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

The Circulation of "John Bull" exceeds 1,350,000 copies weekly.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE SCHEME AGAINST ALL WAR RISKS.

We are giving *absolutely free of any charge whatever* an insurance which covers you against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every conceivable war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident policy issued by insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have made our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. YOU MAY EITHER FILL IN AND SEND TO US A WEEKLY COUPON, WHICH AFTER ITS RECEIPT AT OUR OFFICES WILL KEEP YOU INSURED FOR ONE WEEK—BUT MUST BE RENEWED WEEKLY—OR, TO AVOID THE NECESSITY OF DOING THIS, YOU MAY SIGN THE NEWSAGENT'S ORDER FORM, WHICH WILL KEEP YOU PERMANENTLY INSURED DURING SUCH PERIOD AS THIS INSURANCE SCHEME AND YOUR ORDER TO THE NEWSAGENT REMAIN IN FORCE.

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As regards all Air Raids, Bombardment, Invasion, Riot, Civil Commotion, Civil War, Revolution, Rebellion, Blockade, or Military or Usurped Power:—

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed, or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, house become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payments shall be subject to the claimants rights against any other newspaper or insurance body.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP COUPON WEEKLY.

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this form and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the scheme as published in each issue as though you had filled in the Coupon weekly, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

FORM FOR REGULAR READERS.
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent*

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Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

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NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you MUST fill in the Duplicate coupon which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

Dec. 25th, 1915.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

..... *Newsagent of*

.....

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

Dec. 25th, 1915. .....

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form above fill in this form and post it to us (a Half-penny Stamp will suffice). Inconvenience and postage will be saved by the filling in of the Newsagent's Form.

WEEKLY INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified above.)

Name of Insured..... *Address*.....

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Age next Birthday..... *Date of Signature* .....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name..... *Address*.....

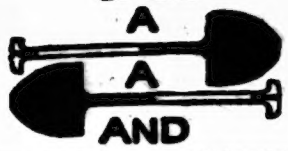
to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out above. .....

This coupon must be signed by the insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for seven days after its receipt by us.

INSIST ON
SPRATT'S
FOR YOUR DOG.

IMPORTANT.—The "John Bull" Pen Coupon will be found on page 25.

CALL A A AND



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Excellent Quality and **Finish**, in Brown, Black, Grey, Khaki, and Black and White; well made, full men's size, thick, superior knit, very strong, with sleeves, collar, pockets, also preserver fronts and buttons to match (as illustration). Excellent for Holiday, Sports or General Outdoor wear. Very warm. Special Offer 3 for 11/6.

SALE PRICE **3/11** Postage 6d. extra.

Illustrated Galaxy Sale Catalogue of Blankets, Carpets, Linens, Bedspreads, etc., post free.

Address: **F. HODGSON & SONS** (Dept. J.B.), Woodsley Road, City of Leeds.

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PILES, BAD LEGS, CHILBLAINS, and all skin complaints are speedily relieved and cured by just a few applications of the world-famed

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FREE SAMPLE

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HAVE YOU HAD YOUR "JOHN BULL" — PEN YET? —

See page 25.

Keep him warm in the Trenches.

Don't let him shiver and suffer. Send him one of the parcels below and he will keep as warm as toast in the coldest weather.

O.W. Leather Cuirass

No. 1 Parcel.	s.	d.
O.W. Cuirass	12	6
Mit-Gloves, Woollen material, palms fine leather	5	6
2 pairs Fleece Socks	3	0
Post free anywhere	21	0

No. 2 Parcel.	s.	d.
O.W. Cuirass 'V' front, lined	21	0
Mit-Gloves, as above, lined chamois	7	6
2 pairs Fleece Socks	3	0
	31	6

Sent post free anywhere for 30s.

No. 3 Parcel.	s.	d.
O.W. Cuirass 'V' front, lined, to button down the front	25	0
Mit-Gloves, all leather, line	10	6
2 pairs Chamois Leather Socks	6	0
	41	6

Sent post free anywhere for 40s.

No. 4 Parcel.	s.	d.
O.W. Cuirass as quality above but with sleeves	35	0
Mit-Gloves as above	10	6
3 pairs Chamois Leather Socks	9	0
	54	6

Sent post free anywhere for 55s.

O. W. CUIRASS SYNDICATE

2b, Aberdeen Chambers, 40, Great Marlborough Street, W.

(2 minutes from Oxford Circus.)

KILL THAT INSECT, TOMMY.

Send your pals "out yonder" some tins of **HARRISON'S NURSERY POMADE** —they'll be very acceptable. When you haven't time to wash there's a big chance you'll have "companions." A little HARRISON'S POMADE KILLS EVERY INSECT on hair and body. Insist on having HARRISON'S POMADE. "Tins of comfort," 4½d. and 9d. Sold by all Chemists—or by post from HARRISON, Chemist, Reading.

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in

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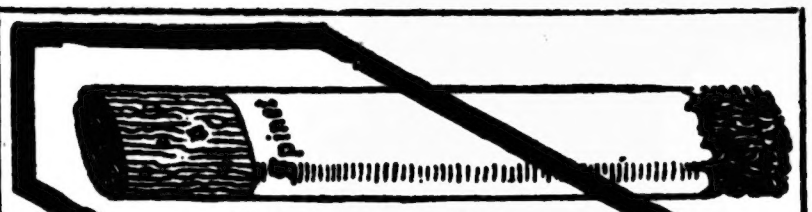

From Start to Finish the TIP is Firm & Dry

If you select "Spinets" as your Xmas gift, they will not only reflect the discrimination of your choice, but will add appreciably to your friend's enjoyment of Yule-tide, because, being cork-tipped, they combine a firm, dry smoke, with the exquisite flavour of a specially selected Virginian tobacco

Spinet VIRGINIA Cigarettes

Packed in Enamelled Pocket Cases . . . . 20 for 1/-

And in Handsome Padded Boxes. . . . 50 for 2/4

R. & J. HILL, Ltd., LONDON.

The Old Way

THE DEAF CAN HEAR.

The latest scientific discovery for relieving the terrible affliction of deafness entirely supersedes all other methods. To compare the old-fashioned ear trumpet with it is like comparing the light of a candle to the light of a powerful electric arc lamp. The name given to this remarkable invention is the

Stolz Electrophone

Deaf people can learn all about this invention—how it will benefit them and how they can obtain it on a 15 days' trial, by sending their names and addresses to, or by calling on

THE STOLZ ELECTROPHONE CO. (1914) Ltd.

(Dept. K), 8, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square, LONDON, W.C., ENGLAND. A British Company.

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"VITA" CIGARETTE MAKER.

Makes **20 FILTERED** or **MOUTHPIECE**, or **22** ordinary cigarettes instantly (with cigarette papers or tubes) with 1 oz. tobacco; equals 1 for 1d. Best tobacco, 4 for 1d. **Filtered** cigarettes prevent **Sore Throats**, and save 30 per cent. tobacco, as there is

No waste. Any tobacco can be used.

Best **XMAS** Gift for the **TROOPS**

Only weighs ½ oz. Fits in Cigarette Case. **LADIES** can use it.

Nickel 1/-: Silver-Plated, 1/6; Silver, 4/6.

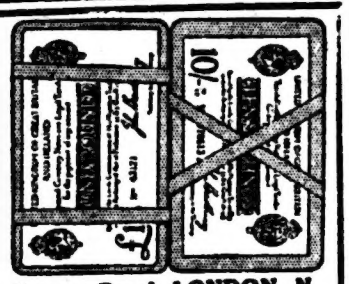
Paper Tubes: 1,000 1/4: 500, 10d., post free.

VITA CO. Dept. J., 41 Limehill Road, Tunbridge Wells.

Every reader of "John Bull" should have

The "REVERSIBLE" Treasury Note Case.

(Prov. Patent 5022).



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A Most Useful Xmas Present.

Send P.O. to actual Manufacturers—

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Learn at Once.

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Unlimited Practical Training until satisfied and proficient. Lowest Charges. No extra fees.

Official B.S.M. Certificate and Free Benefits of B.S.M. Licensed Motor Employment Agency.

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are too apt to think that the brewing of Lager Beer is a German business. It is now a British business and the best Lagers are made in Britain:

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THE 'SUN-GLOW' FIREBRICKS

save up to 14s. in the £ on coal bill.

THE "Sunglows," by an entirely new principle, turn smoke into heat, give a red fire in 15 minutes, keep the fire in for hours, save sweeping and leave only a fine ash. The simplest, yet one of the greatest inventions of the age.

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Just right for Soldier, Sailor or Civilian. Strong enough for the hardest campaigning. Neat enough for civilian wear on all occasions. Marvellously accurate timekeepers—like all Waltham watches. Give one to your Soldier or Sailor friend this Xmas. Buy one for yourself.

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Also in Gold and Rolled Gold Cases. Luminous Dials extra.

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Builds Strong Teeth

And why? Because the valuable nutritive elements in Nestlé's Milk include bone-forming phosphates, and because Nestlé's Milk makes children healthy, and *keeps* them so.

Nestlé's Milk is perfect milk of guaranteed purity. Thousands of wise mothers feed their babies on Nestlé's—and these babies are as healthy and strong as can be—teeth, bones, flesh, temper—*all perfect.*

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'Nestlé's Baby Book, 1915,' & 'Truth About Teeth' Booklet free from NESTLÉ'S, Eastcheap, London.

By Appointment *To H.M. the King.*

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KEEPS HIM WARM—COOKS FOR HIM

This wonderful little steel stove will burn anything—wood, coal, coke, or charcoal. It only weighs 4½ lbs., and measures ten inches square when folded. Can easily be carried in a haversack

COOKS FOR HIM—KEEPS HIM WARM.

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STOVE FOLDED.

STOVE IN USE

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A BEAUTIFUL NEW WAR PICTURE
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The Double Sacrifice

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On Sale at all Art Dealers.

Facsimile in colours on art paper 18 ins. by 13 ins. (mounted 30 ins. by 22 ins.). Absolutely faithful to the original. 5/-.

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THE PUBLISHERS (Dept. J.)
96, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 499. Week ending Saturday, December 25th, 1915. One Penny.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

A Merry Xmas!

We wish you all a Merry Christmas—*next* year. And we predict that you will have one. Even those of you whose eyes to-day are dimmed with tears, and whose hearts are aching for the "touch of the vanished hand and the sound of the voice that is still." Yes, even *you*, God willing—as we think He will be—shall be smiling next Christmas, when you look upon a redeemed and regenerated world, and remember that it was due to *him*—your husband, your son, your brother, your father or your lover—whose sacrifice makes *you* a nation's heritage, as well as him—that the Hun demon was slain. God bless and comfort you.

No Vinegar.

It is said of a certain Irish M.P., whose journalistic failures follow each other in unbroken succession, that his lack of success is due to the fact that he mixes his literary salads exclusively with oil and sugar—and altogether forgets the vinegar. And for one week only we, too, have left out that sour condiment.

To Halifax.

We have often been told to go, and the other night we went—right into the heart of Mr. C. P. Trevelyan's sphere of activity; and we found everywhere great Union, on the part of the electors, of Democratic Control of their tempers with this renegade mis-representative. They are practically unanimous in substituting O.B. for the M.P. after his name—Order of the Boot.

A Bulgarian Item.

Have the Foreign Office recently looked up the dossier of the late Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Bulgaria, Sir H. O. Bax-Ironside; and, by the way, what is his present position?

A Correction.

"Who wants an election in January?" asked a Member the other evening. "JOHN BULL," interjected Mr. Pringle. He is quite wrong. We shall not be ready by then.

The Coalition Collapsing.

Read carefully between the lines of the speeches of Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Asquith on the new Parliament Bill—and you will see what we mean.

Plural Voting.

Which brings us to Plural Voting. What says Mr. Herbert Samuel on the subject? Did *he* object to the plural voter when contesting the Cleveland Division? *What* a game it is!

Ramsay's Meeting.

Passing through Bradford the other Sunday evening, we noticed a crowd outside a schoolroom—in which Ramsay Macdonald, guarded by police and military, was expounding the gospel according to the Kaiser; and we heard a man remark that it was "a blooming shame" (or something of that sort) for the authorities to offer any protection. But we do not agree. The right of public meeting is one of the few liberties which, under the guise of war emergency, the Government has not yet filched from us. Let us guard it jealously. And give Ramsay all the rope he wants.

The Duty of Each.

To the sad hearts amongst us we have tried elsewhere to speak a word of hope and comfort, bitterly conscious as we are of the barren poverty of human speech. Let our Christmas gift to these broken ones be a wealth of tactful sympathy, and—wherever it is needed—of creature aid. It will be a crime if, at the festival of Yule, the sting of physical want is added to the pangs of bereavement. It's "up" to all of us. So *please* read the announcement on page 20—about our own Christmas Poor Fund; and help us.

Of Two Evils—

"I do not believe in 'Business Government'—under the leadership of men who have not been very successful in business themselves," said Mr. Hemmerde, M.P., the other night. But even that would be better than Lawyer Government—under the leadership of lawyers who have not been very successful; and who have sometimes had to rely upon business men to get them out of their troubles.

Awkward!

We mean for Mr. Lloyd George and the Liquor Control Board. "I have stated on more than one occasion in public," says the Managing Director of Cammell, Laird and Co., "and I also told them plainly at the drink control meeting, that it was not drink which interfered with the men and was the cause of bad time-keeping."

State Lottery Coming?

Can it be true that the Treasury *is* considering the issue of "Prize Bonds"? *What* a row there will be! No wonder we have been termed "Purveyor of Ideas to the Government"!

"13."

The Cleveland election was fought in the thirteenth year of Mr. Samuel's membership; Mr. Samuel polled 7,321 = 13; Mr. Knight, 1,453 = 13! Now then, Fatalists!

The Censorship.

Here is the last sentence in our recent article on "Press *versus* Parliament"—"*The Censorship must go!*" And lo! it was so.

There are only a few copies left of "John Bull's" Xmas Number.

Japs or Italians?

Two pictures lie before us. The first was printed in the *Daily Sketch* of October 29th, 1914, and the underline reads: "Exultant Japs showing their paces off Kiao-Chao, which the Germans have announced they will defend to the last man.—Inset: Admiral Yashiro, the Naval Minister." There are the "exultant Japs," sitting on a couple of heavy guns, on the deck of a ship, with other ships in the distance; up in the sky is the "inset" of the smiling Admiral. We turn to the *Sunday Herald* of November 21st, 1915. Under one of its pictures we read: "A fleet of Italian warships patrolling the Eastern Mediterranean. It forms one very big argument in the counsels of the King of Greece." With the exception that the Admiral has been deleted from the sky, the picture is the same, and the proprietors of the two papers are the same!

"A Warning to Ministers."

There has been an ominous silence on the part of the press in regard to the Cleveland election, but this, from the *Times*, undoubtedly reflects the sane view: "The result of the Cleveland by-election, sometimes hailed as a triumph for the Government, should convey a moral and a warning to the more far-sighted among Ministers. They will look at the surprising dimensions of the minority vote rather than at Mr. Herbert Samuel's big majority. Nobody with a practical knowledge of electioneering could have imagined that the anti-Government candidate would have polled as many as 1,453 votes. There must be a good deal of unorganised discontent in the country to account for these votes, the majority of which were certainly not cast on the merits of the Drink Orders."

Two Toasts.

Christmas was dear to the heart of "Merrie England," and we therefore make no apology for turning aside in the midst of Yuletide pleasantries to reiterate our warning, "Watch the Kill-joys." They are aliens to the spirit of Christmas—deaf and blind to its convivial charm. It is true of the modern successors of the Puritans that their strictures upon the wine-cup are provoked less by the admitted evils of drunkenness than by envy of the pleasure attendant upon the moderate use of good liquor. Wherefore, here's confusion to their sorry schemes, and jolly good health to us all!

A Gutter-y Critic.

This is what the Rev. A. T. Guttery, the President-elect of the Primitive Methodist Connexion, has to say about us in the *Primitive Methodist Leader*: "To call the Government demand for temperance 'an insult to the nation' is folly worthy of the supreme apostle of humbug, the Editor of JOHN BULL." Our dear brother should cultivate temperance of the tongue.

Carrying On.

The income of the Additional Curates' Society for the first nine months of the year was £16,679, as against £17,059 for the corresponding period of last year! Additional curates? Additional *Tommies*!

Rough on the Church

"If," said the Bishop of Sheffield the other day, "the Church had not been divided against itself, the present war would have been an impossibility." What have the clergy to say for themselves?

The Decay of Parliament

Extracts from a recent Parliamentary report: MR. WILL CROOKS—"Put another penny in the slot" (loud laughter); MR. WILL THORNE—"Turn it up, old sonnie" (loud laughter).

"The Truth About Groningen."

Further letters received concerning our article on this subject, confirm the view expressed by the prisoners themselves—namely, that they are not "pampered," that the food supplied is inadequate and unpalatable, and that there is deep discontent when harmful statements to the contrary are made by newspaper correspondents insufficiently acquainted with the facts. We have been shown letters written by one prisoner to his father, and his particulars of the dietary agree in every detail with those we have already published. Now this young man, in all his letters home, had never written a word of grumble or discontent, and his first protest was penned after he had read the misrepresentations of the writer in the *Times*. It seems to us that these naval men have borne the hardships of internment with fine dignity and courage. Little parcels from home have helped to feed them and to hearten them; to jeopardise this supply by suggestions that they are "pampered" is an unfriendly act, and we do not wonder that the men are indignant.

From the Trenches.

"Somewhere in France," near the fighting line, a troupe of entertainers known as "The Follies," and consisting of officers and men, plays every night to crowded "houses." One of the items in the programme is a "Twin Duet," and here is a specimen verse:

1ST. TWIN: Some miners are quite fond of work, and some are not a bit.

2ND TWIN: In Wales just now, it seems to me, they're just the opposite.

1ST TWIN: They do not seem to understand about our tars at sea. Why can't we have a business man?—

2ND TWIN: HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

"I may add," says a correspondent, "that this verse always brings down the house." Good old Tommy!

Then, as Now.

Here is a verse from an old volume, entitled "Outlines of Edinburgh, and other Poems," published in 1822:—

> Know this, if any Radicals have been upon the rack,
> If any Whigs have trembled—*I commenc'd not the attack.*
> Immortal and untainted are the pages which I print,
> And ages hence my *leaves* will bear the true *autumnal tint;*
> My *motives* will bear scrutiny when party passions cool,
> *For God, the King and People*—is the motto of John Bull.

Nothing new under the sun, is there?

Judicial Rot.

Imagine a Divisional Court of three Judges wasting the best part of a day discussing the problem whether a little boy who put a halfpenny into a machine and played with a ball was infringing the Betting Act—and then giving a divided judgment! Mr. Justice Lush, who dissented from the majority, wanted to know with whom the boy betted. We suppose the correct answer is "With Old Nick."

A Coastguard Scandal.

Our attention is called to the scandal of the employment of able-bodied men, at good wages, to help the coastguards, whilst such work is eminently suitable for disabled soldiers and sailors. *Verb. sap.*

A Word for Scotland.

We are glad to note that those Scotch Churches which are not attached to the Church of England are not discouraging enlistment amongst their clergy. One to Auld Scotland!

At Xmas let Home be your first thought. See page ii of cover.

Elland, Halifax, and Mr. Trevelyan.

In fact and in phrase, Elland Halifax have their notable place in Yorkshire; and when we learned that, following our recent Candid Epistles to the Herr von Trevelyan, M.P., the Elland Liberal Association intended o hold a meeting at Halifax, we knew there would be hot things doing. As a fact, the hon. member's constituents called upon him to place his resignation in the hands of the Association, and immediately proceeded to adopt a Huddersfield gentleman, Councillor H. Dawson, in his place. Since the beginning of the war there has been no justification for any British constituency retaining as its representative in the House of Commons, at a cost of £400 a year to the British taxpayer, a man of the type and temperament of Herr von Trevelyan. Whether he will be resigned unto his constituents' will or carry on the business still, we do not at the moment know. What we do know is that he has notice to quit, and that the political association which procured his election has by its action asserted the high principles not only of Yorkshire patriotism, but of Yorkshire sportsmanship. If a man will not play the game, Yorkshire, at any rate, does not want him in the field.

The Volunteer Navvy.

Of a verity the ways of the volunteer are hard. Members of the Liverpool City Guard were invited to assist in a heavy task at Aintree on Sundays, because ordinary labour was difficult to get. The work to be done consisted of digging trenches for the laying of mains, unloading railway trucks, and similar back-breaking jobs. It was all to be done on a bleak country-side, where there was no shelter; no tram-fares were allowed and no food, and the men were expected to take their own spades. But the loyal and lively Liverpudlians, being volunteers, City Guardsmen, and good fellows, swallowed all the conditions without a murmur, and many of them put their names down as willing. One gentleman, a partner in an established business, tells us that their fine citizenship is to be rewarded by the offer of ½d. an hour. When men willingly shoulder tasks like that, it is a shame to insult them.

Why Not War-Loan Stamps?

Much has been said and written during the last few weeks about stimulating the investments of the working classes in War Loan. Nobody, however, seems up till now to have proposed the issue of War Loan stamps of small denomination—say, from 2s. or 2s. 6d. to £1. These stamps could be stuck into a National Thrift Book, ruled after the manner of an insurance book. When a line was completed the Post Office clerk could easily carry out the value in an opposite entry, and thus facilitate the balancing of the book and the calculation of appropriate interest when sent up, say, every six months. Depositors should be able to draw against their stamps at face value in case of need at any time, independent of the price of War Loan in the market. It is very difficult for the working classes to acquire the War Loan investment habit at 5s. a time.

Life Everlasting.

To forget the "kiddies" at Christmas time would be to miss half the meaning of Yule. Have you thought that this war is very largely a children's war, in the sense that we are waging it for the freedom of future generations, and for the welfare of the coming race? We shouldn't put the same spirit into the fight if our outlook were bounded by the limits of our own little lives. But the nursery is the shrine of immortality, and there is a form of "eternal life" in which we can all believe, whatever our notions of the Great Beyond.

A Mother's Love.

It was because she loved her boys so dearly that poor Mrs. Fanny Roberts, of Nottingham, sought and ound a too early death. The devoted mother was worried because four of her sons had gone away to the war, and the worry unbalanced her mind so that she threw herself, seeking oblivion and forgetfulness, into the Trent. They got her out; the police laboured splendidly to revive her, and they succeeded—greatly to their credit, for the poor creature was quite unconscious. After getting her dry clothes, hot blankets and stimulants, however, they seem to have lost their heads, for they took her to the Guildhall, and charged her. Placed in a cell, she was taken ill and removed to hospital, where she died three hours after admission. She was "almost pulseless, and in a state of collapse," when received, but the doctor said it was "difficult to say" whether she could have lived if taken straight to the hospital. But there is great likelihood that the loving woman's life would have been spared had she not been charged at the Guildhall and we deeply deplore the error so unfortunately made. Grieved will be those four boys in the trenches, but proud in the memory of a mother whose love was greater than life itself.

A Tragedy of the Sea.

From Guernsey comes a story of the sea that does scant credit to the manhood or the resources of the island. A French steamship, the *St. Malo*, was observed flying signals of distress in broad daylight, from 10 o'clock till after 12, when she foundered. No attempt was made to save the lives of the 24 men on board. There was a yacht in the harbour, and she put out a little way, but returned when she learned the ship had gone down. Had she kept on, she might have saved the men who had taken to the boats. A pilot "thought the yacht could have gone out, and he would have liked to go with her." The lifeboat made no effort, being described as "useless" because there was no tugboat. Guernsey folk are naturally distressed to think that 24 lives should be lost so near their island without any attempt at succour. They wonder why they are asked to subscribe to keep up a useless lifeboat. They must get that tugboat quickly, and must ensure by every means that Guernsey shall not again ignore the appeal of men that go down to the sea in ships.

The *Times* Invites Germany Over.

It is really very difficult, occasionally, to understand what the press is driving at. Consider, for instance, what would have happened if it had been a Germhun newspaper and it had allowed its Military Correspondent to make remarks of this kind: "It would be the correct stroke, now that we have scattered our armies widely all over the world, to hit us at home. . It might well be considered that the damage done by 100,000 men landed in England might be worth the certainty of their eventual destruction." This, however, is the suggestion which a great daily makes as a present to the Germhuns. Surely this is not the sort of stuff a newspaper should write in time of war, even if the muzzle *is* off?

No More Rent-Racking.

As we suggested, the Anti-rent-raising Bill is to be applied to the whole of the Kingdom, instead of declared areas. No matter where he is, the landlord who seeks to put his tenants on the rack to screw out of them his own share of war obligations will have to think again. He will have to behave to his tenants like a decent, patriotic citizen, even if he *is* only a sharp and a sham.

You'll have time this week to devote to "Bullets."

Cruelty to Animals.

Horses in British camps are being trained "rough" evidently; judging by what we hear we should even say cruelly and wastefully. For example, let us take a letter from the camp at Kendal, in Westmorland. "Here are a number of horses, and all through the bitter, freezing weather that we have been having these poor beasts, fastened head and foot, have been left utterly exposed to rain, frost, wind and mud night and day for weeks—in consequence of which every morning the soldiers find some of these poor animals dead or dying of cold and exposure. The people of Kendal who have looked on at this cruelty and can do nothing will bear me out in what I am telling you." If this is true it is scandalous, even though the animals are being prepared for war. Mark Twain said somewhere that he would not like to say he would uproariously gloat at the sight of a vivisectionist being vivisected, though as a conscientious man that was what he ought to say. Similarly, though we would not like to say we would gloat to see the officials responsible treated as these poor beasts are treated, it is what we ought to say. Anyhow, nobody can hear us think.

Young Men Wanted.

An advertisement is inserted in a London newspaper by Charles Grahame and Co., 14, Water Street, Liverpool. They announce "one or two vacancies" in Southern Nigeria, and offer £100 per annum to "smart, well-educated, and ambitious young men, between 23 and 29." It appears to us that young men of the kind indicated are very much wanted by their country, and it should be considered an offence for private firms to tempt them to desert their allegiance. Yet perhaps there is some excuse for enterprise of the kind when the Government itself stands equally guilty. From a list of "Situations Vacant," posted in Scotland at the Board of Trade Labour Exchanges, we extract this item:—"Porters; platform; G. & S. W. Ry; aged 19-25; 18s. to 21s. per week." Here we have the Government, controlling the railways, trying to rob the Army of men.

"His Brother."

The Rev. J. Hamilton, St. James', Ayr, is not unnaturally angry with us, for undoubtedly we do owe him an apology. In a recent issue of the *Glasgow Herald* was a report of a special meeting of the Ayr Presbytery, called to consider Lord Derby's circular. We attributed to the rev. gentleman the remark that "he could not take up arms against a brother; and the Germhun people, from the spiritual point of view, were his brothers"; but it was in fact made by the Rev. T. G. Sinclair, of Girvan, who followed him. Some difference of spacing in a newspaper report apparently played a trick with our vision. It need not be said that we had neither the wish nor the intention to misrepresent the views of the rev. gentleman.

Home, Sweet Home.

A British soldier in a Germhun internment camp he cannot get out of, will know what he is in for when he once more reaches the dear old home. He has been fined by the Goole Magistrates for not sending his child to school, and, failing payment of the mulct, to suffer the alternative of seven days' imprisonment. If he addresses a petition to the All Highest, fully explaining that he would like to come home to pay the money or do the seven days in default, it is possible, though not probable, that the Kaiser will hand him a pass-out check. That ghastly imperialist is not a humorist, but if he is not at least as funny as these Goole Magistrates we will send them a load of hay and a bag of thistles to nourish their understanding.

The Babies and the Chain.

Two items of news from Hull, both appearing in the same newspaper, furnish a sad—even a sickening—contrast. Here is the first, eloquent of distress and agony: "Dr. Mary Murdoch said it was a great sorrow that they had had to close what was called the Baby Ward (of the Children's Hospital), for through the ward being closed 100 babies had had to be sent home, and had probably died because they had been unable to treat them." Pause but for a moment to consider that scarifying sentence—100 babies had "*probably died*," through lack of funds—and then pass on to this gratifying, tasty tit- bit by its side: "Over £150 has been promised for the Hull Lady Mayoress' chain fund." Hull smirks in approval of its own lavish generosity as it hangs a golden chain around the neck of its Lady Mayoress, and turns its back upon a hundred mothers carrying their babies home to die! Now, Lady Mayoress of Hull, tell those subscribers you will girt no golden gew-gaws about your neck until the Baby Ward has been re-opened!

Swedes.

The Swedes have gone home, and our own turnip-heads in authority have bidden them farewell. Whilst here, this "unofficial Swedish Mission" was introduced to the Fleet, viewed Aldershot, inspected soldiers in training, rummaged in the mysteries of munitions-making, and in other ways was "shown something of the British naval and military activities." We wonder why. We wonder what necessity there was to expose all these secret things to those most unofficial Missioners from the extremely "neutral" country of Sweden. And we wonder who is to ensure that these secrets shall not leak out—quite by accident, of course—and reach other ears. We used to expose our dockyards to the officers of the German navy while their fleet lay in Plymouth Sound; any foreigner was a welcome guest in past days, at liberty to poke his nose in anywhere. And it seems we have not learned any better yet.

"A Dangerous Woman."

The people of Lytham are now breathing a purer air, and its streets are no longer contaminated by the maleficent presence of Miss de Mollwo, the "dangerous woman" who has so long and so persistently publicly insulted our soldiers, glorified the Kaiser, and even defamed the memory of Nurse Cavell. Indignation in Lytham was well-nigh at fever heat, and it should not have been necessary for us to take up the subject in London. However, we are glad the local authorities found their firmness, for—two days after the publication of our article—the police proceeded to action, and the woman has now been "removed," bag and baggage. Her utterances, both by tongue and by pen, were an outrage to the country that gave her shelter, and she is fortunate to escape prosecution and imprisonment.

Patriotism in Excelsis.

Here is a letter of application from a man living in Chiswick—name no matter: "Dear Sir,—Being anxious to do war work it is with that idea I searched the advertisements this morning. I am a turner not engaged on munitions or Government work and feel I ought to be doing something directly helping the country. I can use a micrometer, as I have previous to the war been engaged at Vickers, Son and Maxim for three years. I am now in a comfortable situation, but if I could obtain a more profitable one, with war bonus, I would deem it my patriotic duty to leave and commence munition-making. Yours faithfully, . . ." We hope this does not indicate that they are revising the usual definition of patriotism Chiswick way.

The powerful pen of Mr. Bottomley writes for "Everywoman's Weekly."

A Disgraceful Diet.

The poor little dear is ill, and a lady's sixpenny weekly advises on the delicate case. The journal puts the trouble down to indigestion, and prescribes for the interesting patient warmth, quiet, special diet, a mild laxative, and some outdoor exercise on sunny days. The "invalid diet" is to be plenty of milk, and "anything like bread-and-milk or milk puddings that she fancies." Good gravy, beef tea, and vegetables are on the list, while "scraps of poultry or game, cut up, would be a nice dinner for her." Also, a little fish two or three times a week. "If she shows any great desire for meat," give her beef, and she may have "wholesome dainties, such as sardines." Not a bad diet, is it, for a sick—cat? You will find it set down under the heading of "Our Pets," in *The Lady*. A reader says: "Through the increased cost of living, my little children have not tasted such food since their father left for the front." To feed a cat upon it is deserving of imprisonment.

Keep Hoffman!

We suspect somebody is pulling our leg—our two legs, to be strictly accurate. Here is the letter as it has reached us: "Somewhere in England. Von Bull. We has been wanting to inform you ov our mind About America long agao bu. am careful not get Strafed, you ave bin friend for England and America but America no good not frighten Gremany let that old fox Wilson keep his big hed Shut we boss America. plenty Germans in America we make leetle fires in workshop an ship we blow up we blow down we sink ship we drop thunder down from the sky we Strafe England we put her in dark no light anywhere England frightened all bad. Germany boss de vorld Karle Hoffman." It is hardly a good imitation of Germhun-English, and we simply publish it—because it is Christmas week!

Soldier Scribes.

One of the neatest and nattiest of the many Service periodicals produced by the war is the *Summerdown Camp Journal*, which is the effort of fighting men occupying the Summerdown Convalescent Camp, at Eastbourne. Its editor seems to have one principal trouble; directly he secures a capable "sub.," that genius is ordered off to the Front, or elsewhere. The journal runs a detective story serially, and we wish it every success, although it has the audacity to print this: "Lloyd George, Horatio Bottomley, and Charlie Chaplin appear to be the three men best known in England at the present time. I cannot profess to place them in the order of their popularity."

"Christmas in Wartime."

The soldier or sailor, "on short leave," passing through London on Christmas Day, will not be deprived of the opportunity of buying little presents and comforts, for the Junior Army and Navy Stores will keep their Regent Street premises open on that morning for his special accommodation. Many Service men arrive from the Front between 2 and 3 a.m., and they will even be able to obtain a complete outfit in exchange for their war-worn garments. We are glad to learn that the shop-assistants will be amply compensated for the sacrifice which they are making in order to help Tommy and Jack.

War Economy.

This is from a descriptive account of Miss Asquith's wedding: "Mr. and Mrs. McKenna arrived with a small page on on either hand, *and a retinue of nurses carrying their small fur* COATS." What about a tax on furs?

Back Seats for Heroes.

It is rather early in the day to propose the shelving of our naval and military heroes; we do not usually consign the fighting men to oblivion until the battle is over. But the co-operative people are seemingly in a hurry. At the London meeting of the Co-operative Wholesale Society, it was suggested that "instead of enclosing the usual pictures of soldiers in cigarette packets, portraits of Robert Owen and other co-operative worthies might take their places." The *Co-operative News* says it is unfortunate that the name of the woman proposer was not recorded; we also should like to know it. Her suggestion is to "receive consideration"; not one person among 500 delegates present had the good taste to protest against it, and the *Co-operative News* is so enamoured as twice to term it "excellent and practical." Robert Owen may have been a worthy person, but so was Robert Raikes, and Doctor Watts, and Sandford and Merton. Most of us will agree that Kitchener, Jellicoe, Thomas Atkins, and John Tar are more important just now.

Greetings from Germany.

Soldiers at Shorncliffe and Folkestone complain that they have been entrapped into buying, and sending across the seas, Christmas cards that are not what they seem, and are, indeed, completely objectionable. Their complaint is valid, and, as such cards for the New Year may be offered elsewhere, we will explain the trick. It is so simple, too. Outside, the card looks like the ordinary thing—a folding card tied with ribbon, design on the cover, and reading matter and greetings within. The unusual feature is a little red label stuck on an inside corner. Its style and colouring are out of tone with the rest of the card, but it says, "A Merry Christmas," and so many people would pass it. Raise that red excrescence, however, and beneath it you will find the fatal words, "Printed in Germany." As nobody wishes to send German greetings to friends, let us shun the card with its fraud covered in the corner.

The Ford Legend.

Henry Ford, motor-car man and angel of peace, claims credit for paying his men generously. We are desired to state that the idea was not his; it was put before him and his Manager by another person. It was Mike Brady who suggested "the five-dollars-a-day plan of co-operation." He suggested it on August 28th, 1913, and Ford adopted it four months later. Mike himself says so—"I, Mike Brady, a poor, obscure, Socialist writer, a gardener and window-cleaner." He conceived the notion of altering the "almost intolerable conditions" which he observed at the Ford works during five days of window-cleaning. Mike sends us all these facts, being "one working man's story to his fellows." We see no reason to doubt his version; it reads right. He appeals to us to tell the world the truth about the Ford legend, for his—Mike's—sake. We, therefore, hereby tell the world.

Milko!

We hear of a very valuable product, called Solac, which is a synthetic milk destined to bear the same relation to cow's milk as margarine does to butter, and for which already there is a great demand. But the Company which has been formed to manufacture it is being greatly hampered by the Treasury, whilst the Germans are being allowed to receive a plentiful supply of Soya beans, from which Solac (which was, originally, a German invention) is made, and the residuals of which are valuable for both human and animal food. 'Twas ever thus.

End the Old Year well. See page ii of cover.

THE MESSAGE OF THE BELLS.

A CHRISTMAS OF DESOLATION—BUT NOT OF DESPAIR.

BY THE EDITOR.

Christmas—Christ Mass—1915! Thirty million men, armed to the teeth, engaged in bloody conflict! Ten million killed or wounded! Ten thousand millions of money dissipated in the cost of war! And, according to the old legend, this is the day when the angels sang "Peace on Earth—Goodwill to Men"! The day when, at Bethlehem, the Prince of Peace was born—and the Magi brought offerings of gold and frankincense and myrrh! And, ever since then, on this day, the cadencies of the bells have rung out a message of joy—whilst men and women, all their souls aglow with love, have grasped each other's hands and invoked a "Merry Christmas"; whilst the children have romped and laughed and sung—and the old folk have for a brief span thrown off their years and lived their childhood days again. Youths and maidens have danced, and kissed under the mistletoe; the yule log has flamed and cracked; the holly berries have reflected its warm glow; the carol singers have told us the old, old story of the shepherds watching their flocks by night, all seated on the ground, when the Angel of the Lord came down, and glory shone around; and the rich man in his castle has called in the poor man at his gate. For awhile the whole world was young again—in no mood to enquire into the cruel difference between legend and reality, but revelling in the respite—all too short—from the struggle of mankind for the "survival of the fittest," and in the great Christ carnival of the Festival of the Poor.

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Now, all is Desolation. I had nearly added "and Despair," but, happily, that word need not be written. Desolation, however, and Grief are all around us. Men's faces are pale and sunken; the eyes of the women are red—and the children are in black; and, as we look around us, our hearts ache at the sight of empty chairs—many never again to be occupied by the dear ones, who a year, or two years, ago were of the happy party. And yet the bells are ringing—ringing out the same old melodies—but how differently they fall upon the ear! What strange new notes have crept into their music! Every sound is attuned with pain. Their merry carillon is but the hollow echo of bygones that were once dear beyond human price. There seems to be no reason in their ringing, and broken hearts are torn afresh by the clanging of their chimes. I confess that there have been moments when I have been overwhelmed by the seeming mockery of it all—tempted to lay down my pen lest any word I wrote should rasp some throbbing wound. Yet in my heart I know that the path of despair is the coward's road, and in all humility I venture to take up the tale of near two thousand Christmas-tides and to declare that Christmas—Christ's Mass—is no wanton mockery of human woe, but the living symbol of truth divine. On earth the bells are ringing, and at the heart of God's Universe harmony is enthroned. "God's Universe," you say, "where is it—when shall we know it?" Ah, there's the rub; but it will come if only we will bear our cross with patience and with courage. Then assuredly we will win our crown—*as they whom we have given to God are, in al truth, wearing theirs to-day.* THAT IS THE MESSAGE OF THE BELLS.

Listen to them once more. Don't you catch the message? Be of good cheer; God will not forget. Your loved ones are not dead; *they are with you even now.* No, your poor eyes cannot see them; your poor flesh cannot feel the touch of their spirit hands, resting on your shoulders, as they gaze so steadfastly into your eyes and try to make you understand. For they, too, may not yet speak. The golden bridge which shall unite Now with Hereafter is not yet completed. It is built of bricks made of Human Sacrifice and Love—*and until this great tragedy is over there will still be a shortage of material.* But after that, the scales will fall from the eyes of all who have been worthy—and they will, in the old words, see God. And seeing Him, they will see, too, those whom he has gathered around him—*and your man will be there.* GO ON BUILDING THE BRIDGE. Now you understand better—don't you?—the message of this Christmas day. Never mind what the parsons and prelates tell you, our Empire would have fared badly in these days of stress and trial if her soul had really been in the keeping of her professional priests. When the war is over we shall demand a new religion; and Christmas will be its holiest day. Its Calendar of Saints will include such names as Edward the Peacemaker, Frederick Sleigh Roberts, and Edith Cavell. The New Religion will not boast thirty-nine Articles for the troubling of the souls of honest men. It will not insult God by defining His Being in terms of bad metaphysics. It will take intelligent account not merely of the mystery of Christ—the central fact of human evolution—but of the meaning of Islam, and the morals of Confucius. Among its Scriptures will be the "Christmas Carol," and the "Idylls of the King." In the broadest sense, it will be a "Catholic" religion, and to its altars will be bidden all men and women everywhere who love their neighbours and hate a lie. Its rites will be as varied as the needs of the human soul; but at every season Christ's Mass will be celebrated, and on every Sunday—aye, and on every week-day, too—from the turrets of its temples the chimes of Heaven will ring.

THE ANGELUS.

And every evening, as the sun sets in the golden west, every man and woman, and every child, shall pause in either work or play, and bow the

head, and, for one brief moment, shall commune with God. *That* will be a better religious training than can be given by all the priests, and churches, and chapels, and schools in the land. All fantasy, you think? None of it, my good friend. What do you say? The chimes are merely the product of the molecular vibration of the bell and clapper, and their tones are determined by the length and periodicity—that's the word, isn't it?—of the vibratory waves! Well, I shall not argue with you—you are far too learned for me. I shall simply tell you that, to my uncultured mind, the sound which to you is but the clang of metal is, in all truth, an echo of the music of the spheres—all the rest being merely the instruments of their flight. I shall tell you that those bells are ringing not upon empty air, but upon the anvils of human destiny, and that I hail their joyous carols as the testament of God. And if behind that great buzzing brain of yours there lurk the rudiments of a soul, I shall expect to see a new light in your eyes. For it is Christmas morning—and, believe me, there is magic in the music of the chimes.

No Logic in the Bells.

You think I am being led away by sentiment, do you? Well, my learned friend, sentiment—fantasy, if you will—is the food of the soul which we call Faith. You are a terribly logical person—always after "proof," as though one could prove the laws of Heaven with the dismal precision of a sum in arithmetic. It is perfectly true, an it please you, that I cannot discuss my quivering hopes and throbbing beliefs in the cold terms of logic, any more than I can put into a syllogism the beauty of an Alpine sunset, or the magic of a woman's smile. No, no; some things are too real for proof. They strike straight into the soul without knocking for admittance at the portals of the brain.

Yes, Christmas—Christ's Mass—is a great cosmic fact; the very corner-stone of man's earthly life. The eternal euphony of Yule floats clear and resonant beyond the clash of war—"Peace on Earth—Goodwill to Men." That great ideal has not gone down, despite the upheaval of the world's civilisation. Through the fiery furnace of destruction walks the unscathed figure of the Son of Man. The churches of Flanders are in ashes, but at the heart of Christendom is an inviolate shrine not made with hands, from which rises day and night the pure incense of human sacrifice. The saints are slain that righteousness may triumph. The sons of men are martyred that the Soul of Man may mount to the soaring heights of human destiny. This is the message of hope and comfort which on Christmas morning shall ring out from a thousand belfries and strike an answering echo in a myriad wailing hearts. Think what a ghastly, unredeemed tragedy this war would be if there were no Christmas—if Christmas had never been! Then, indeed, we might believe that the Devil reigned supreme, and that in the midst of Hell the throne of Omnipotence was set. But Christmas comes to give the lie to all the dry philosophy of pagan "culture"—which can never prevail against the message of the chimes.

Weep No More.

And so, with the arrival of Yule, the weeping mother may dry her eyes for a while, because there was once a Babe in Bethlehem. Stricken wives and lovers may smile again, not because they can forget their grief, but because the Head where clung a diadem of thorns once nestled at a woman's breast. The sorrowing father may lift his downcast eyes, because once along the common ways of human woe a Man of Sorrows walked. Oh, yes, we are peering into the shrouded face of mystery; but it is Christmas morning and there is revelation in the glad festival of Yule. And somewhere beyond the bounds of space the joyous strain is taken up on angel voices, and lo! the faces of some of the singers are very like those of husbands, sons, brothers and lovers whom we thought were dead. They, too, know it is Christmas, and that their "death" was part of the great Christ Mass—the Sacrament of Sacrifice—which is the dynamic force of human destiny, and the secret of the scheme of God. So why weep? Why sorrow?

The Angelus is Ringing.

I believe that in the agony and travail of this world-war we are witnessing but the birth-throes of a new Civilisation, the golden dawn of a brighter day. Perhaps the beautiful legends of the birth of the Babe of Bethelehem and the mystery of Calvary were but the first stage of the redemption plan. In any case, I am persuaded that in the heroic sacrifice and the sublime self-abandonment, and even in the bitter anguish of to-day, we are touching the fringe of some great glory which shall presently burst upon our quickened vision in a blaze of revealing light. Each khaki hero is a herald of the dawn. Beyond the wilderness of sorrow lies the land of promise. Make no mistake, there is a good time coming. In this fair realm of ours we will re-create "Merrie England," and in all her smiling countrysides and teeming cities there shall be Peace and Joy, at last. In every heart the glad spirit of Christmas-tide shall blossom anew. We shall no longer want to play at fighting. Our little make-believe wars will be swallowed up in the horror and the glory of Armageddon. The Sex "conflict"; the Class "struggle"; Social antagonisms, and the strife of Parties will be but the shadowy spectres of a dun, dead past. For the future, women will respect men because of voices that are still—and men will honour women because of Edith Cavell, and for the sake of thousands of nameless heroines—mothers, wives, sweethearts—who, at the simple call of duty, gave up all that made life dear, and smiled bravely through their tears. Children we shall cherish because the lives and honour of those little ones have been ransomed with the best of our blood. The man of high estate will be remembered for fidelity to the great traditions of his order, and for acts of chivalry unmatched in the proud record of his sires; while he in turn will have learned that sterling honour, unfaltering courage, and sublime patriotism are as likely to be met with in the humblest cot as in the proudest castle in the land. It is some such vision that comes to me as I listen to the Christmas bells.

For us—for you and for me—the toil of Battle and the path of Duty remain. When *our* task is finished, God guide us back to those we loved. Look! It is evening. In the blood-red sunset of the dying day there are angel faces—bowed in prayer.

The Angelus is ringing.

THE NEW CHRIST.

WE MUST TURN OUR BACKS ON THE NIGHT AND FACE THE DAWN.

BY A. G. HALES.

(In this eloquent article Mr. Hales pleads for a new version of the Life and Teachings of Christ.)

This is Christmastide, and amidst the awful thunder of the guns, the minds of millions of men will turn instinctively to the sweetest and grandest story that has ever been written; the story that began in a manger in Bethlehem and ended in awful tragedy on Calvary. Myriads of women whose souls are riven by the dread of what may come to pass, or by the unutterable anguish of accomplished fate, will turn, dumbly seeking surcease of sorrow, to that magical story which has come to us from the old East, wafted like a breath of spice-laden air from the land of the burning sun to find an eternal abiding place in the archives of the souls of the men and women of our Western world . . . . Christmastide! the name conjures up Christ's sacrifice and sorrow, His triumph and despair. His sublime courage and epoch-making humanity; for Christ was Human, else the story of His Passion and His life of love loses all its vital point, and becomes nothing but a wilderness of words. He was God's Son, as you and I are sons of God, for we are all little sparks of life, out-thrown from the vast, immeasurable, indefinable life-centre which is God—and God is Life. If we are not sons of God, then we blaspheme every time we bow our hearts and utter Christ's own prayer, "Our Father, which art in Heaven."

Christmas-tide! At the mere mention of the word how memory and imagination blend, and send our thoughts leaping across the barriers of time and space! Childhood comes back, and we see as in a dream the Christmas times of long ago. We hear the crackle of the burning logs; and in the firelight's gleam, the faces loved and lost come back to us. Sometimes we see our own souls; the brave, bright soul of a blithesome boy crowned with high resolve, aglow with noble ideals; and we turn with a moan from the soul we stained, and from the ideals we crushed in the battle for bread or the fight for fame; for there is not one of us who has not more or less bartered his birthright.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

The magical mystery of Christ's superhumanity is an abiding joy to all who love the beautiful, for His life was rounded in symmetrical curves from the cradle to the Cross; an artistic ideal, humanity made perfect, the kingliest example earth or heaven has vouchsafed us since He who gave us being thundered from the hidden chambers of eternal space the law which set the universe in motion. We think of the Christ, and instantly we seem to hear a sibilant voice echoing down the highways of the ages, bidding every man try to live so that the world may be the better for his tenancy of earth. Our eyes, like our ears, are opened, and we see a tall, strong-limbed, manly man robed in the flowing garment, spotless white, that was the hall-mark of the ancient Orient—no puling weakling preaching peace at any price, else He had never scourged the usurers from the Temple, or whipped the hypocrites in high places with words that stung like scorpions. A man like God, a Godlike man. We see Him with our soul's eyes, standing amid the stately cedars of Lebanon, teaching the doctrine of helpfulness and boldness; yet his words are gentle as the rustling of the breeze amidst the cedar's branches. Christmas-tide! . . . It brings to us, on the wings of fancy, the yellow sands of the wind-swept deserts, where the burning sun beats down as pitilessly to-day as in those days when He whose life was a prayer went forth to pray—"Lead us not into temptation." To me Christ is real—not a figment of the fancy—but I do not believe that the things He said have been handed down to us as He said them or meant them. The spirit of the Christ spoke for splendid manliness, for fair and equitable dealing as between man and man—and between man and woman.

WHEN THE KHAKI HOST COMES HOME.

The stern eyes that have grown clear and steadfast looking hourly into the throat of death, will gaze boldly into mysteries that men accepted, or shrank from, unquestioningly of old time. It will be a host of strong, stern men who will refuse to be led like sheep in spiritual things; they will demand to know why the glowing, glorious story of Christ's life has been garbled and distorted. They will demand the expurgation of all that is false. God never fashioned an unclean thing; He never said, or authorised the saying of, an unwholesome word. All His works are pure, from flowers to forests. The defilements are man-made, and have been tolerated too long. War waged in a holy cause makes a great nation clear, tolerant, broad-minded and deeply religious, with the real religion born of personal soul-searching. The sermons preached by the deep-throated guns never make atheists. Our gallant men will seek a sweet religion; they won't tolerate a hell full of brimstone, a heaven paved with gold, a moneylenders' paradise and a Laplander's Tophet. Our boys will seek a heaven roofed with stars and floored with flowers, a paradise where they may meet loved ones gone before.

They will follow only the teachers who have made a deep and a peculiar study of the beautiful mysteries of the Living God whose sons they are, as Christ was. They won't submit to the terrorism of Hades, knowing that each carries his own hell inside himself. They will realise that heaven is as full of doors as the skies of stars, and each door wide open for the pilgrim who plays the game of life to the best of the abilities his Creator has given him. Their faces will be towards the new dawn, their backs to the old-time darkness. Then will Christ's latest mass bring forth its real fruit.

ACT UP TO THE LESSONS.

Faith, Hope and Charity are the three children of Christ, and the greatest of these is—Charity. I love to think of charity as a dainty vestal—tall of stature, lissom as a willow wand, big eyed and beautiful—looking with noble tolerance at the world, seeing only its sorrows, overlooking its sins. This dainty vestal should be an honoured guest in every home in Britain this Christmas-tide; of all others as welcome by the cottar's ingleside as in the palace hall, and every matron, maid and man should take her to their hearts, for a world distraught is waiting for her ministrations. Lion-hearted men who have fought for us, bearing themselves with kingly courage amid the reek of battle, have come back maimed and mangled, Christmastide will never dawn for them again as gaily and as brightly as in the days before their superlative sacrifice. Will *you* remember them, and give, each according to his means, a mite or a million, that the wolf of want may never tear them down? It was the Christ who said: "Greater gift hath no man given than this; that he laid down his life for his fellows." Prayer is good, honour is good, but the gift which standeth between a brave man and destitution is more Christ-like than these.

THE PEACE MEETING.

BY FELIX CLAIRE.

It is only on rare occasions that the village of Ribblespool wakes up to the true dignity of its position as the hub of the Universe. But at such times it speaks its mind with no uncertain voice.

Quite recently it woke up, at the clarion call of Pastor Jones, of Little Bethel chapel.

He shuddered to think of war and came to the conclusion that as a minister of the Gospel he ought to put a stop to it. He decided to call the people of the village together, to protest against the war, and to demand the immediate cessation of hostilities.

With him, to think was to act. The meeting was held in the schoolroom of Little Bethel.

After he had briefly and pointedly outlined his views, he threw the meeting open.

As was appropriate, Alec Chapman, the oldest inhabitant, led off. He thought all war was atrocious. If nations took his advice, they would settle their differences amicably, and not fight over them.

George Panter, a local farmer in a small way, agreed with all the old gentleman had stated. He wished Mr. Asquith would come and manage his farm for a few months; then he would see the terrible inconvenience this war was causing to the hard-working farmers of the country. It was abominable that the Government should have no more thought for the welfare of the farmers, on whom the nation depended for its food!

This brought Martin Goodley, the local grocer, to his feet.

"This idiotic war is simply ruining the country! Never in my life have I known provisions so terribly dear. The people blame us shopkeepers, and think we are making fortunes at their expense, but it is a ffact that we get less profit than ever. What we really want is to get a few shopkeepers into Parliament."

It went without saying that after Martin Goodley had finished his discourse, Charlie Read, the village blacksmith, would put in a word. Goodley was Read's landlord, and Read never forgave him for the bright money he was forced to hand over on quarter-days. Moreover, Read was a bit of a Socialist.

"No sane man would dispute what Mr. Goodley had said as to the dearness of things. We all know it to be true. But he has not told you the secret of it all. Wars are not fought by the people—they are got up by the rich classes, for the benefit of the rich folk, and for the sake of the grasping landlords."

He looked fiercely at Martin Goodley.

By this time the feeling of the meeting was growing somewhat bitter, and at a sign from the Pastor, Mrs. Montrose tried to pour oil on the troubled waters.

That lady was the feminine backbone of the village, so to speak. She was in possession of a fair private income, and was famed far and wide for her good works.

"Ah, my dear friends," said she, "I am so pleased to hear you speak as you have done against this awful war. War is such a cruel thing. It makes me shudder to think of it. Do you know, I saw a soldier the other day, and he was carrying a rifle.

"He explained to me that he could fire several shots a minute, and that each shot might go through two or three men and kill them! Just think of it, my friends. And on the end of it there was a sharp, long blade, which he called a bayonet. He explained that, too. He said that if he met a German he would run that long blade right through him! Yes, he actually stood and told me that in cold blood, and I nearly fainted! I beg of you all to give your earnest support to our dear Pastor in his efforts to stop the war."

The cheers that followed this touching appeal were long and hearty.

When they had subsided, the Pastor looked round, half hoping that no one else would spoil the effect by attempting to speak. But he was disappointed.

A woman rose at the back of the room.

This woman was something of a mystery. She had lived in the village a long while, her husband being a farm labourer in the district, and everybody knew her as Hannah Smith. Yet she was so quiet and reserved that folks never properly understood her. It was indeed a surprise that she should attempt to speak.

Hannah Smith walked shyly to the front, leading a little girl who had been sitting with her. The child was unknown to the others, having come to stay with Mrs. Smith only a couple of days earlier.

"Of course I agree with you all, friends, that this war is a terrible thing and ought to be stopped. I don't know much about how it affects farming and smithing, and all the other things you've been talking about, but I do know something about it, and I want to tell you. I had a sister once, and she married a Belgian, many years ago, and went to live in Belgium. They had a wonderfully pretty little cottage—I spent a fortnight there once—and as time went on they had six children, two boys and four girls. They were poor, but very happy in their little home until this war started. Then, suddenly, the Germans came on them. They took them by surprise, none of them thinking they would be interfered with in their cottage. All the family were brought out into the road, and my sister's husband was shot before the eyes of his wife and children."

"I suppose he was a soldier," said old Alec.

"No more soldier than you are, Daddy Chapman. He had never handled a gun in his life, and half the time he was almost an invalid. But they shot him, and then they outraged my sister and her three young girls—the other girl had managed to hide for the moment. They found her later, but in the meantime the two boys, aged ten and twelve, tried to defend their sisters, and the Germans ran their bayonets through the two lads and killed them."

Mrs. Montrose had fainted, and someone was trying to revive her with water.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Smith. "And when they had worked their will on the poor girls, they ran bayonets through them also, and left them to die on the roadside. The one who had hidden tried to get away, and was chased by a German, who cut out one of her eyes with his bayonet and wounded her in the back, leaving her for dead. But she was helped to escape. This is the child—look where they stabbed at her eye."

She lifted a shield which had lain over the mite's eye, and the villagers gazed with renewed horror.

"That is why I ask you men to do what you can to stop this horrible war."

She did not get any further, for at this moment Charlie Read, the blacksmith, sprang to his feet with a roar.

"By Heavens! If those devils can do things like that, I'm off to-morrow morning! I'll help stop the war, but not till I've wiped out some of those brutes!"

A strange thing happened. Martin Goodley, the grocer, jumped forward and clasped his old enemy by the hand—for the first time on record.

"Read, old chap, that's just my sentiment! I'm too old to go and fight myself, unfortunately, but I tell you what, you can leave your wife and kiddies with the knowledge that they shan't want for anything till you come back, while I've got a shilling."

More cheers, and then Farmer Panter came forward.

"Beg pardon, Pastor. It's quite true what I said about the farm, but I don't reckon that matters much when such things like this are going on. I shall leave my missus and the boys to see to the farm, and I'm going with Charlie Read."

"I'm another!" "I'm coming too!"

All was excitement and eager chatter, and Pastor Jones rose to his feet in dismay.

He was going to call the folks to order and remind them that they had come to oppose the war. But as he opened his mouth he caught sight of the little Belgian girl. And with stunning force there came into his mind the words:—

"A little child shall lead them."

And the only words that came from the good man's lips were the familiar phrases of the Benediction.

CARRY ON!

THE GREAT REVIVAL AFTER THE WAR.

By NORMAN TIPTAFT.

Heaven forbid that I should say a word which would, in any way, minimise the gravity of the war. It is the most terrible and devilish organised murder in the world's history. It makes the campaigns of our ancestors appear puny and insignificant. It is causing more misery and suffering than we ever dreamed possible in this twentieth century. It is indescribably wicked and unnecessary, *but it will end*. Some of us are almost settling down to an acceptance of war and murder as a normal condition. If, in a moment of withdrawal from the columns of the newspapers with their mournful happenings, we dare to speak of the future, it is but to predict calamity and catastrophe almost worst than the war itself. Even our optimists talk of the distress that will be sure to arise from unemployment, the terrific burdens of new taxation, the devitalising of the nation by the loss of so many of its sons.

HOW WE SHALL RECUPERATE.

No one would be so foolish as to suggest that we can have a million men killed and wounded (which is, at least, probable before it is over) and spend, say, two thousand millions in money, without feeling it. But there is a tremendous difference between the loss of 2 per cent. of our population and less than one year of our earning capacity, and total extinction or even severe injury.

Beside, no one suggests we shall tolerate after the war the waste and inefficiency we tolerated before.

If we can nationalise railways, cut down vested interests, stop strikes, regulate the food supply, in order better to kill people, surely we will see to it that we organise on, at least, as drastic lines to keep alive.

Poverty has killed more Britons than the Germans ever did or ever will. Preventable disease murders more every year than any big battle. Who will dare to suggest that there is not work in abundance, work that will yield an enormous return for every able-bodied man and woman, in making our land a richer, healthier and happier place? We cannot afford unemployment. Workers produce wealth. Idlers produce nothing, and, in addition, have to be kept. A Government that would allow unemployment would be criminal, unbusinesslike—and would have to go.

COSTLY LESSONS LEARNED.

War is horrible, but it has taught us some things, at all events; and if, as a result of it, we emerge a people less inclined to admit poverty, disease and degradation as necessities, less willing to allow our energies and resources to be frittered away by politicians and plutocrats, more keenly alive to the things that really matter—the war, with all its sacrifice of life and wealth, will not have been fought in vain.

And that is how we shall emerge. The men who have seen what organisation can do in the face of war are not likely to be content with muddle in times of peace.

The men who have been clothed, fed, housed better than they ever were in their lives, are not going back to sweated wages and the hunger-wolf ever snarling at the door. The men who have demanded a free Belgium and a free Servia—and who will fight till they get them—will return to demand a free Britain too.

The war will end, and beyond the war there stretches a future finer than anything the past can produce, a future such as only men who have greatly dared could hope to win. They *have* greatly dared, and the days to be are bright with hope.

There's a good time coming.

Carry on!

PINCHING "BAUCH."

WHY MILITARY SUCCESS IS NECESSARY.

By F. PARSONS.

The Trinity of Efficiency that the Germans worship is *Blut, Eisen und Bauch*—blood, iron and belly. On the last-named depends the nourishment of a nation, and on the nourishment of a nation depends in turn, according to the German creed, its power to turn the principles of Blood and Iron into operation against others.

We have well and truly pinched Bauch, and made the Germans roar with rage and hate. But that is not quite sufficient for our purpose. They are "whacked," but they are desperate. They care nothing for national bankruptcy, so long as there is the slightest chance of military success.

The Germans are gross feeders, but they are also much more adept than we are at turning waste food to good account in their repulsive menus. Their working women are practised in making "dishes" from which our good working chaps (small blame to them) would turn aside with loathing, the principal ingredients being muck. It is no use blaming our housewives for this. It is a matter of national temperament. God save us from the German temperament in anything!

TRYING TO MAKE WAR PAY.

Further, their country, before the war, was considerably more "self-contained" than ours is ever likely to be; and such has been their military efficiency, combined with their luck and the mistakes of their opponents, that, despite the hare-brained doctrines of our Great Illusion School, they have been enabled to make war partly pay for itself as they went along, not merely by imposts on conquered peoples, but also by exploiting the lands which they have occupied and by organised theft from private individuals.

Thank God, we have plenty of "tommy," which the Germans have not; but it remains for our fighting "Tommy" to give our foe the *coup de grâce* on land. It is a serious question whether our blockade has been in itself sufficiently stringent to make Germany throw up the sponge. Speaking as one who has travelled a good deal in the country, I should hardly think so.

A SHORT WAY WITH NEUTRALS.

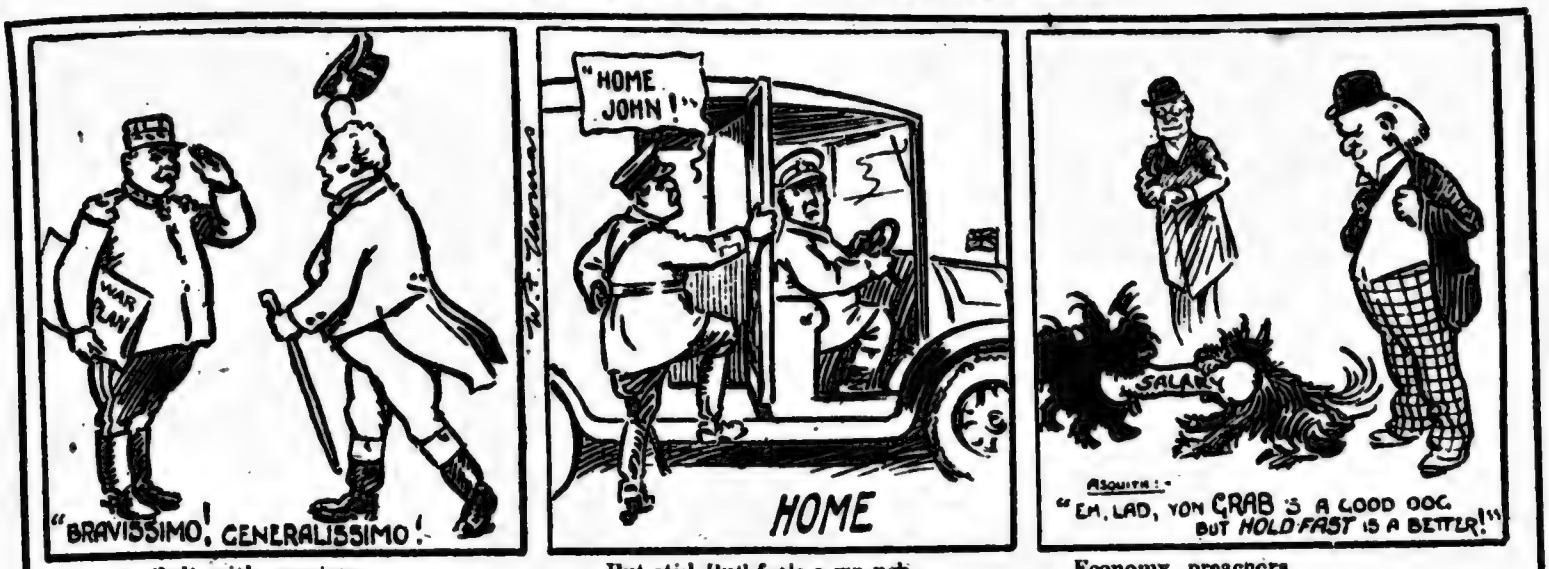
Our excessive consideration for neutrals—especially for the United States, Holland and Sweden—has led to our fighting with one arm tied behind our back. We have lengthened the war thereby without placating the neutrals. We made promises to some whom we wished to induce to fight on our side. Germany also made promises—braver ones, probably, because in the end she will have nothing to give away; but she accompanied those promises by the plain statement: "If you don't fight for us, we'll ram your teeth down your throat." To the United States her attitude has been, "If you don't like it, you can lump it." Her method has been more successful than ours. She will fight to the last Turk, to the last Bulgarian, to the last poor duped Austriolette.

Far and away the worst blow Germany has had in this war was administered in the battle of the Marne; and that blow was struck independently of our blockade. I am afraid we shall have to fight several battles of the Marne, in addition to improving and maintaining our blockade, before Germany is finally crushed. Even our mighty Navy could not win the war if Germany were to devise means of holding half the world up to ransom. Therefore, the Allies have to strike, and to strike hard, on land. The increasing possibility of being starved out should they be driven back only makes the Germans cling all the more desperately to such advantages as they have achieved.

Your New Year gift should be a "John Bull" Pen.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."



John Bull with emotion,
Hails Joffre's promotion,
Whose talents for fighting
The Huns' bones are blighting.

But still Bull feels a wrench
At the loss of John French,
Whose skilful retreat
Was the Huns' first defeat.

Economy preachers
Would prove better teachers
If they cut, for example,
Their salaries ample.

The under-age jockey
Should count himself lucky,
Riding off with elation,
Free from income taxation!

Is the Editor's notion
In course of promotion?
Shall we presently see
A great State lottery?

'Twixt the Navy and Army
Well might Percy go Barmy!
Will his labour for London
By muddle be undone?

A PLEA FOR THE POOR OLD ROADMEN.

SOME WORDS WITH THE CHEPSTOW DISTRICT COUNCIL.

A moving appeal, touching in its artlessness, comes from some poor old roadmen. It seems that at the Chepstow Rural District Council it was decided "to employ the roadmen on stone-raising when the opportunity arose." Just what "stone-raising" might be we did not exactly know, but the poor old fellows who plead to us are not in doubt. They know what it will mean to them. Let us repeat some of their words; and if we copy some of their spelling it is not to ridicule them, but because their rough, rude eloquence rings so true when told in their own terms:—"We are 23 Roadmen on 140 miles of Road. Every man as got his length to look after, and sum as been on For 40 yearse Without a stained on there caricter. Now they want to put them on Stone Rising and Breaking—men 70 years of age go breaking on roads wet or fine days. What do you think about it, John?"

Well, "JOHN" thinks that any grand old man of the roads, who is near 70 years old, and who has about 40 years' character for hard work and good behaviour, is entitled to a much lighter task than stone-breaking; and he thinks that to give such a job to such a man would be a cruel and heartless shame, and a deep and abiding disgrace to the Council that should impose it and to the ratepayers who might permit it to be done.

TOASTS.

A Christmas toast! There is but one
That springs unto the lips—
Our splendid soldier boys on shore
Our sailors on their ships!
A health to them where'er they be,
If North, South, East or West—
A Christmas toast, with three times three,
In bumpers of the best!

And they? Those lads of ours who've gone
To fight 'neath distant skies,
Oh, who can doubt on Christmas Day
Which way will turn their eyes?
Towards this little land they love,
These isles across the foam,
They raise the glass—may it be good!
And drink the toast of "Home!"

And he? That scourge of Christendom,
The butcher brought to bay—
Shall he be cursed or toasted on
War's second Christmas Day?
To his damnation there's no need
To drink—'tis fixed upon,
And, down below, he'll certainly
Be toasted later on!

RICHARD MORTON.

During the holidays make "Bullets" your pastime.

THAT MISSING PARCEL!

CONFESSIONS OF A POSTAL SORTER.

Where does your Christmas parcel go? How often have you asked that question? It is one we are accustomed to annually. My experiences as a Sorter in the parcel office of one of the largest towns in the United Kingdom will provide the answer.

Last Christmas, I was engaged as a Temporary Sorter. I was given a card of introduction which, with some thirty or so others, I duly presented at a certain post office.

Here each of us was required to sign a form clearly specifying the terms of agreement. Amongst others were, if I remember aright:—That the contents of any letter, telegram, etc., were not to be disclosed; that no parcel was to be damaged or otherwise interfered with and that the remuneration should be 6d. per hour. The various shifts were then arranged and I chose that one commencing 12 p.m.

The principle of working was as follows:—The contents of mail-bags, collected from different centres, were discharged on to long tables and from there sorted into baskets, labelled according to their various destinations. Each basket was then wheeled away to a different portion of the building and there further sorted out for dispatching. Those parcels for delivery locally were recorded as follows:—Name of addressee, Office of dispatch, Postage. My experience was chiefly of the sorting tables and of recording.

"Sorting" the Parcels.

On arrival of mails, twenty or so of us were told off to sort at the tables. The bags were untied, and three or four men climbed upon the tables and tossed out the parcels, while the remainder of us sorted them into the baskets. They climbed upon the tables pretending to help unload the mail-bags, but really with the intention of tampering with any likely package.

"Recording the Parcel."

At the recording department things were even worse, as plenty of time was given to examine the parcels while copying the particulars. Here two dodges were rampant. One was to detach the label of a likely parcel and substitute a doctored one bearing the name and address of the culprit, so that the parcel was delivered to *him*. Another was to tear off all unused stamps, of which there were a great many. These were then used to fill up the forms supplied by the P.O. Savings Bank, and the money subsequently drawn. One man pilfered wholesale, going out every two hours or so, without restraint, to unload cigars, watches, jewellery, etc., and to examine the contents of small packages taken on speculation.

I have said there was no restraint on going out and in, and this was taken advantage of in another manner. Towards Christmas labour became scarce, so the temporary men were allowed to stay on duty as long as they liked or were fit, and as there was no person supervising the time book, many were paid for often as many as 12 hours spent comfortably in bed. Another plan was to go up to the lavatory and sleep there.

Now the cause of this dishonesty was the want of adequate supervision. True the staff was much too small, yet towards the 25th there was a good deal of whisky consumed that was intended to bring joy to altogether different persons. Two Sorters in particular became quite vehement in the throwing of parcels. A large notice states that parcels must not be thrown, but this is never heeded. However, these two worthies had some difference, and bombarded each other with the nearest available packets!

If you wish your parcel to reach its destination, *register it*. Registered parcels are never touched; tie cord on well and write the address *on the paper*.

I know I shall be given the "official" answer—that the utmost vigilance is exercised in the supervision of the men appointed temporarily; but, nevertheless, things are as I have described them. Even with the regular men, who have often been many years in the employ of the Post Office, there are cases of theft—as the records of our Police Courts show; with the more or less casual hands engaged during the Christmas rush the pilfering attains much larger proportions.

PITY THE POOR PAYMASTER!

SOME GEMS FROM AN OFFICIAL LETTER BAG.

The hardworking Paymaster deserves to get some fun out of life. Here are a few extracts from actual letters written by soldiers' wives to one of them in connection with separation allowances:—

Dear Sir,—According to instructions on ring paper, I have given birth to a daughter on April 21st.—Yours truly, ——.

Dear Sir,—I write these few lines for Mrs. ——, who can't write herself; she is expecting to be confined, and can do with it.—Yours truly, ——.

Dear Sir,—I have received no pay since my husband has gone from nowhere.

Dear Sir,—Mrs. —— has been put to bed with a little lad. Wife of Peter ——.

Dear Sir,—We received your letter. I am his grandfather and his grandmother. He was born and brought up in the same house in answer to your letter.—I am yours truly, ——.

Dear Sir,—You have changed my little boy into a little girl; will it make any difference?

Dear Sir,—I am expecting to be confined next month; will you please let me know what to do about it.

Respectid Sir, Dear Sir,—Though I take this liberty as it leaves me at present I beg to as if you will kindly be kind enough to let me know where my husbin is though he is not my legible husbin as he as a wife though he ses she is ded, but I don't think he nos for sure but we are not marryd though I am getting my allotment regler which is no falt of Mr. loy George who would stop it if he could and Mr. McKenna, but if you know where he is as he is belong to the Royal Fling Corpse for ever since he joined in the January when he was sacked from his work for talking back at his boss which was a woman at the laundry where he worked I have not had any money from his since he joined though he told Mrs. —— what lives on the ground floor that he was petty orcifer for 6s. a week and lots of warm underclothing for the winter and I have three children what es being the father of them, though he ses it was my fault. Hoping you are quite well as it leaves me at present. I must close now hoping you are quite well as it leaves me at present.

SONGS OF CELEBRITIES.

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON.

Although I am too proud to fight,
I'm not too proud to marry;
And, though with war the world's alight,
I didn't need to tarry!
Belligerent I do not feel,
I call contention stupid—
My impulses are Hymeneal,
Warmed by the torch of Cupid!

Let Mars exert his awful sway,
And nations rage together,
Provided that my wedding day
Brought with it decent weather!
Let victory come late or soon
To either of the nations,
I care not, so the honeymoon
Exceeds my expectations!

Although I am too proud to fight,
I'm not too proud to hollar
When Britain's matchless naval might
Scorns the Almighty Dollar;
No ire I feel when Yankee lives
By Huns are not respected,
But I'm right mad when news arrives
That Yankee trade's affected!

Let Mars his awful sway exert
Till King or Kaiser's bested,
I shan't start taking off my shirt
Till Yankee trade's molested;
It's only that can git my goat
And start Columbia snorting—
Whereof let Britain make a note
While I get on with courting!

"Retlaw."

Write January 1st, 1916, with a "John Bull" Pen.

CHEER-O!

NO PESSIMISTS AMONG OUR MEN AT THE FRONT.

BY A TERRITORIAL-JOURNALIST.

Ever since the outbreak of war, when my battalion mobilised, I have been among soldiers, and the last eight months have been spent in various parts of the firing-line. As a professional journalist, it has, naturally enough, always interested me to notice the various papers and magazines read by my fellow soldiers. Wherever I have been, whether in the trenches, the dug-outs in rear, at the rest camps, or in hospital, I have found that JOHN BULL is by far the most popular paper, and that all journals in which articles by Mr. Bottomley appear are always in huge demand.

Why is this? The reasons are not far to seek.

"KEEPING UP THEIR PECKERS."

The man at the Front—hungry, tired and up to the knees in mud maybe—wants to read something cheery and stimulating. He does not wish to have his hopes falsely raised, he likes the plain truth; but he does hate to be told day after day that England is degenerate, our Staff Officers are a set of incapables, German organisation is far superior to ours, and statements of that nature, which often enough constitute the principal substance of the articles in some of our mis-called "great" dailies. When wrongs have to be righted and muddles rectified, JOHN BULL speaks out with no uncertain voice, and Tommy likes him for it. He knows Mr. Bottomley has no axe to grind, no personal motives or bias influencing his judgment, as is the case with the proprietors of many papers. Tommy may be a very unliterary chap in many instances, but he is very shrewd, and has long since thrown over the "All-is-lost" Press. He plumps for JOHN BULL because the consistent note of the journal has been cheeriness and optimism. "Send me out a J.B.," is the invariable wind-up of his letters.

I was in the firing line during the period of preparation for the great attack at Loos. For weeks the Press had been groaning about the deadlock in the West, the disasters on the Russian front, etc. "They'd give yer the bloomin' hump if yer liked to be sich a fool as ter believe 'em," said one Tommy to me. All this time Mr. Bottomley had been prophesying all would be well, that the Russians would recover themselves and that a great blow would be struck in the West. This later belief, especially, cheered everybody. Right along the line Mr. Bottomley's hints and subsequent powerful article were discussed, and men pinned their faith to the prophecy. Mr. Bottomley was right in both his predictions.

WEARY OF THE "WAR EXPERTS."

It has been like this all the time, the so-called "leading" journals for the most part decrying everything and JOHN BULL always hammering away that all would come right. Nothing could conceivably be more depressing to the man at the Front than to read the gloomy, wild predictions of some daily papers—opinions expressed, not by men entitled to express them, but in many cases simply by old ladies turned war experts. After these, Mr. Bottomley's articles, full of optimism and based on sound common-sense, come like a burst of sunshine through the blackest clouds. And the man who is doing the fighting needs all the sunshine he can get.

An officer once told me he believed that not only our soldiers, but the whole of the British public, owed JOHN BULL a debt of gratitude for its persistently optimistic outlook, in that it had so greatly helped to prevent the panic which the statements of the "All-is-lost" Press must have engendered.

Nothing has aroused more enthusiasm among the British troops than JOHN BULL'S championship of Lord Kitchener. The man in the ranks worships Lord Kitchener, and the firm support which Mr. Bottomley has afforded him has been a source of the keenest satisfaction to the millions under arms.

JOHN BULL has always championed the cause of the private soldier, and he is grateful for it. I think the most dreadful threat a Tommy ever utters is "I've a jolly good mind to write to JOHN BULL about it."

GUSHING GAMPS.

ROSEFIELD'S ROSY RAMP.

Readers in general, and especially wounded soldiers, should be on their guard against the advances of the "Visiting Nurses' Institute for Chronic Patients and the Disabled," with "branches" at 101, Stockwell Park Road, Brixton, and 15, Muriel Terrace, Sumner Road, West Croydon. The professed aims of the Institute are set out on a printed card, numbered copies of which have been widely distributed. The legend runs:—

> Numerous requests have reached us to supply Daily Visiting Nurses for Chronic Invalids and disabled. To meet such a demand, we have opened these branches which supply for the small weekly fee of 3s. 6d. a Visiting Nurse.

Cheap enough, no doubt, if not too nasty—and indeed, as the card goes on to inform us, "it can be readily understood that this does not meet the expense." The full beauty of the little scheme is not yet unveiled. Observe:—

> We are also selling War Souvenirs in aid of this undertaking. You receive your money's worth and still help a Good Cause. This Ticket is given Free to our subscribers, and to all who order one of these novelties from our agents. It is available till used, and entitles the bearer to have a Visiting Nurse for One Week at the above reduced fee.

It is further intimated that "Disabled Soldiers and Sailors will be attended entirely Free of Charge," patriotism, "skilled" nursing, and door-step commerce being thus combined, a blend most rich and rare. The "War Souvenirs" consist of cheaply lithographed portraits of military and naval heroes, set off with flags and scrollwork, the pictures bearing the imprint of a firm who need not, of course, be suspected of participation in this somewhat shabby scheme. Our information rather suggests that the "good cause" mainly consists of a Mrs. Rosefield. She some little time ago was advertising for "lady canvassers," who upon application were invited to hawk Christmas cards upon commission. It seems that this lady has now hit upon the rather mean notion of exploiting the wants of the wounded for pushing the sale of her wares, and we await information from any person who has had actual experience of the "nursing" proposed. It is, at any rate, certain that no decent nurse would lend herself to a scheme of this sort, some aspects of which may merit closer attention.

A CLEVELAND ECHO.

AN INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

During the election the following interesting correspondence passed between the Editor and Mr. Herbert Samuel—while they were both staying at the same hotel:—

> DEAR POSTMASTER-GENERAL,—I have to complain that my letters have this morning been delivered very late. I suppose, however, I must make allowances, as you are away from the Post Office so much just now.
>
> I really do not think that whilst you are responsible for the country's postal services you ought to devote so much time to politics.—Yours faithfully, HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

> DEAR SIR,—I am requested by Mr. Herbert Samuel to say that before he received your letter he had already set on foot enquiries with respect to the late morning delivery of letters in Saltburn, with a view to the improvement of the service.—Yours faithfully, ELLIOTT DODDS.

> DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your reply to my letter of the 5th, and to congratulate you upon the fact that, after representing the Cleveland Division for 13 years—during a considerable portion of which period you were Postmaster-General—you have discovered that the postal arrangements of your constituency are unsatisfactory. I cannot, however, congratulate you upon the fact that in these times of stress—when, as you have pointed out, every penny counts—you should have considered it necessary for the purpose of conveying a letter to me from one room to another in the same hotel, to avail yourself of the services of the General Post Office and to incur the cost of postage.—Yours faithfully, HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

And there the correspondence ended!

A fascinating Picture Competition is found in "Everywoman's Weekly."

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To His Majesty King George V.

SIR,—Allow me to convey to you the warm Christmas greetings of your loyal people, and to express my own deep attachment to your Throne. In sixteen months of war we have drastically revised our sense of political values, but whatever constitutional changes the future may have in store, the Monarchy will remain as the central pillar of the State, inviolably secure. By your Majesty's complete espousal of the national cause—despite the strain of all blood ties—no less than by your warm concern for the well-being of your People, you have won the respect and affection of a sturdy race not prone to fawn upon the mere insignia of Royalty. For your Royal House may the coming year be bright.

JOHN BULL.

To Viscount French—of France and Flanders.

DEAR GENERAL,—I do not pretend at the moment to understand the reasons which have led to your desire to be relieved of your command—but I assure you that, not less than the Sovereign and the Government, do the British people appreciate the services you have rendered in this terrible clash of nations and ideals; and I know the Army on the Western front will feel to a man that they have lost in you a capable and a devoted leader. Perhaps no Commander could have done more than you have accomplished, nor have done what you have done with greater skill. Though you resign the final achievement of victory in active service at the Front into the hands of that great soldier, Sir Douglas Haig, the work you have already done for your country and its cause has assuredly consolidated the means by which victory will be won. In confidence undiminished and affection unaltered, the whole nation welcomes you to your new post at home.

JOHN BULL.

To General Sir Douglas Haig, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief, British Expeditionary Force.

DEAR SIR DOUGLAS,—Your appointment has been recorded with general satisfaction, and it is already evident that you will enjoy in fullest measure the public confidence so freely extended to your distinguished predecessor. That you will prove eminently worthy of the nation's trust I have no shadow of doubt. In the most difficult crises of the war, your high military genius has more than once been brilliantly displayed, and in the despatches of Sir John French are to be found your title-deeds to the supreme command. Wherefore, hearty congratulations and warm good wishes.

JOHN BULL.

To Councillor Charles Price, Ramsgate.

DEAR SIR,—Just a line or two to let you know that I have read your speech at that meeting of the St. Aethelbyrht Lodge of Druids at Ramsgate, and appreciate your criticism of the despotic powers entrusted to and enforced by Control Boards. I believe it is true that, though in Ramsgate there is no munitions work of any sort being carried on, a townsman entering a lodge after nine p.m., when his day's work is finished, cannot even have a glass of ale. It is not only outrageous tyranny but egregious foolery. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. James Wells, Thames Street, Walton-on-Thames.

DEAR JAMES,—I am glad to know that you are a regular attendant at Divine worship, but sorry to hear it suggested that you are in the habit of behaving at church in "a reckless and violent manner." This is neither pious nor polite, and if it is indeed true that you have "bawled" the responses out of tune with the other worshippers, and shouted the psalms at the top of your voice a stave or two behind the rest of the congregation, it is my duty to rebuke you. You may have meant no harm, but it was not seemly, and if you really must make such an infernal noise, you had better perform your devotions in your own backyard. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Justice Horridge, Royal Courts of Justice, London.

DEAR MY LORD,—Poor people everywhere will be grateful to your Lordship for the observations you made in court the other day on the shameful way cases under the Poor Persons Act are, as a rule, prepared and conducted by the lawyers. It has been a common complaint ever since the Act came into existence. Now that you have been provoked to plain-spoken rebuke, perhaps the lawyers will improve their ways. "Professional people" who take up these cases, as you so truly observed, "ought to attend to them as they would to any other case, or else not take them up." This is not only a legal obligation, but a moral one. But there is one aspect of the case to which I would direct your Lordship's attention. The poor have to take what legal service they can get and risk what consequences ensue; even so, I think that if some of the lawyers retained under the Poor Persons Act were publicly rebuked by the Judges individually, instead of generally, it would be all to the advantage of the poor. Many thanks, all the same. JOHN BULL.

To Lord Robert Cecil, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

DEAR LORD ROBERT,—There is little reason to believe that the agreement with the Merchants' Guild of Copenhagen and the Industrial Association is of any advantage to Great Britain, while there is every reason to believe that it is of precious advantage to our enemies. His Majesty's Government are much too tender about offending neutral countries. The Ministers who have control of the British Navy ought to use it exactly as Germhuny and Austria would use it if they were in our position. With a naval control like our own, Germhuny would not permit us a scrap of food or a scrap of anything which would assist to sustain our arms against them; the susceptibilities of neutrals would be swept aside as of no account, or as capable of adjustment by damages when the war is over. Ministers dawdled and delayed over copper and cotton; and in regard to fats and oils and tea and other commodities I suppose they will be compelled by the impressive logic of facts to impose, at last, restrictions which sterner minds would have insisted on from the first. Instead of "sticking at nothing" in the prosecution of the war, as the Prime Minister promised, Ministers appear to me to stick at, and to, everything—including their salaries in full. JOHN BULL.

To Sir Ernest Cassel, P.C., Branksome Dene, Westbourne.

SIR,—Having regard to all the circumstances of your position in our midst, I really think you might try to be more scrupulous in the observance of legal regulations enforced against my own countrymen. It ought not to be necessary to convict and fine you in a police court in order to convince you that a Privy Councillor of Teutonic birth has no licence to defy or evade the laws made for the protection of British subjects and British property in time of war. The charge against you at Bournemouth was that you kept a bright light, which could be "seen from a considerable distance," burning outside your residence. Though that was evidently a very wrong thing to do, you treated the complaint in a most indifferent spirit. "I must have a light to see my friends off," you are reported to have said. What you must do, Sir Ernest, is loyally to observe the obligations imposed on you by the laws of the country which has accepted you as one of its citizens; and if you and your friends are incommoded by them in times of grave national danger, they must either put up with them, or suffer the consequences—or clear out. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. F. Tatchell, The Vicarage, Midhurst.

DEAR VICAR,—It has been reported to me that you have offered a gift of beer for the old people's Christmas dinner at the workhouse, and that the Guardians have accepted the same with a vote of thanks. This is to say that if you are not shocked at leading these poor folk to drink you have no need to be, and I shall not report you to the United Kingdom Alliance or the Bishop. All the compliments of the season—and a good collection on Christmas morning.

JOHN BULL.

Play for safety. See page ii of cover.

AWAITING THEIR FATE.

The Cracker and the Turkey
Are trembli g for their doom,
For they know their destination
Is the Allies' dining-room;

And they fear that consummation
(So devoutly to be wished)
When the Cracker will be "broken"
And the Turkey will be "dished."

THE PROGRESS OF BILL.

THE STORY OF A RECRUIT.

By William Freeman.

My first meeting with Mr. William Moggridge took place on Waterloo Bridge at about 10 o'clock on a July night. He presented himself as a large, fair, loose-jointed man, with several days' stubble on his chin and clothes in the last stages of raggedness. He asked me in a husky growl for a match, and I trembled for my purse as I gave him one. I was not in the least surprised when he added, still more huskily, that he had been out of work for five months, that he had four motherless children, the eldest under ten, and if a poor chap might be so bold as to ask the favour of a loan of the price of a cup of coffee.

I gave him a shilling, and we parted. A week elapsed and the incident had vanished, when a cheerful voice hailed me from a crossing in my own neighbourhood.

"Mawnin', guv'nor!"

It was Bill, a shade less tattered and obviously conscious that his feet were now firmly set on the rungs of success. From his explanations I gathered that the late proprietor of the crossing had enlisted, and that Bill had, by some mysterious means, heard of the vacant claim and hastened to take possession.

A month passed, during which Bill and I met frequently. We discussed the war from various aspects.

"Me enlist?" said Bill. "With them four at 'ome! Wot do you fink? And 'ow abaht yerself?"

I explained that I was sounding the War Office with regard to a commission, and hoped to conclude negotiations shortly.

"Don't you 'urry," he admonished. "Let the other fellers get their whack o' fightin'."

A little before Christmas I missed Bill from his usual post. Then one morning, to my boundless amazement, I encountered him in my own garden.

"Just emptyin' the dustbin," he explained, his face radiant through its grime. "Luck? Luck ain't the word for it, guv'nor! Old gent as I sees every mawnin' 'appens to be on the District Council and tells me to try for the job, the reg'lar man bein' at the Front. Blowed if I don't get it, too—twenty-five bob a week, wiv prospecks. Join the Army meself? Looks like it! What abaht that c'mission o' yours?"

The negotiations, I assured him, were still proceeding.

A week later he resigned to join a volunteer corps.

"Thirty bob a week the Council's payin' me now," he said when we next met. "Neither of us ain't so young as we once was, an' you look the roomaticky sort, same as me. I lay them trenches is fair death-traps, this time o' year.

Twice after that I saw Bill, once strangely metamorphosed in his volunteer uniform. Then one evening a stout, motherly-looking woman in black presented herself at my door, with her were four small, oppressively-clean children.

"Bill asked me to call," she said simply. "These are 'is kiddies, and I'm 'is sister, what's lookin' after 'em for 'im. My own man went down in the *Goliath*." Her tones were brisk, but the full lips were not quite steady. She handed me a folded scrap of paper. It read:

"Dear Sir,—This is to say ime joinin' the East surrys. The *Lucitarnyer* business done it. The kids cut up, but I had to. W. Moggridge.

P.S.—You stay at 'ome, the Frunt ain't the place for 'igh-strung, nervy gents."

If this record of Bill's had been an invention, I should have made him win a V.C., or at least become a sergeant. But, as it happened, he did neither. The only official mention of his name was contained in a line in my paper yesterday—

"*Died of Wounds—Moggridge, Wm., 5th E. Surreys.*"

This morning I am going to visit the recruiting office at the end of the road. Any commissions the War Office have to dispose of can go elsewhere.

I have a queer, irrational feeling that wherever Bill's big maimed body may lie, he will not be altogether unconscious that I am doing my bit at last.

TWO WAR ORATIONS.

TAPLEY AND CHADBAND UNBURDEN THEIR SOULS.

Now that everybody who is anybody (and many who are not) is delivering his views on the Great War, we have obtained—never mind how—the following special messages from the two well-known gentlemen mentioned above.

Mark Tapley on the War.

No, gen'lemen, there ain't much cause to be jolly now, that's a fact. I 'ad me doubts when I first put on khaki, an' left the inn. Mrs. Tapley as 'is was rare upset. "Mark," she says to me, "you'll get killed an' there's nothin' jolly in that." "My love," I said, "there ain't been nothin' to be jolly about since I married you an' 'ave 'ad your smiling face to look at every morning." So I went, an' at first I thought I was in luck. I was sent to a camp in the north for training an' it rained every day. But, lor' love yer, it wa'n't no use. Them chaps wouldn't grouse. Then they sent us to the Front, but it wa'n't no better. Frightened when the shells came? Why, bless yer, they laughed. I 'adn't no chance to be jolly there. No, gen'lemen, there's no chance for a man to be jolly at the Front, an' that's a fact.

But it was better when I came back. Over here you'll find plenty of faces long enough to make any man jolly, but then that don't count. No, gen'lemen, I've been rare disappointed.

An' then look at our positions over there! Why, I 'ave to read the *Daily Mail* and the *Times* or I'd never smile again. We're 'olding the Germans in Flanders and they'll soon be whacked out of Serbia, while the Russians don't give them much chance in the East. Who said the Dardanelles? Well, I did 'ave some hope about them. But, lor', this Government ain't got no consideration for a man's jollity. They sent Lord Kitchener there, an' 'e ain't got respect for my feelin's.

An' then these German airships. I thought they was going to make us as comfortable an' jolly as possible, but not them. It ain't fair. I wish I wasn't goin' back. There's some credit in bein' jolly over 'ere, but there ain't none out there where they *know* we're goin', to win, and every man's laughin' all the time.

Mr. Chadband on the War.

My friends, we are fighting a Great War. Why are we fighting a Great War? Is it because it is beautiful, is it because it is pleasant, is it because it is joyful? No, my friends, we will not deceive ourselves. It is not because it is beautiful, because it is pleasant, because it is joyful. It is none of these things. What is it, then? It is wicked. Why do we do a thing which is wicked, my friends? It is because we are wicked, because we are sinful, because we do not love our neighbour. Do we love our neighbour as we love ourselves? Do we do unto our neighbour as we would have him do unto ourselves? We do not; therefore we are being punished. It is right we should be so chastised, so punished, so mortified. Oh, let us be joyful, joyful.

Some say that England will win the war. Why do they say that England will win the war? Is it because we are a better country than our neighbour? Let us ask our consciences. Are we better than Germany? No, we know we are not. No, we know we are not. Therefore, how can we win the war? My friends, we are being deluded, we are being deceived, we are being betrayed.

And by whom are we being deluded, by whom are we being deceived, by whom are we being betrayed? I will tell you. We are being betrayed by the Government. And why is the Government betraying us? Why is the Government continuing this cruel war that will turn us out of home and causing our poor brother German to be killed?

My friends, I can give no answer. Let us say boldly, "We will no longer be betrayed, we will no longer be deceived, we will no longer be led from the straight and narrow path; we will have peace. We will acknowledge that we are punished, we will acknowledge our faults. We will no longer be betrayed into slaughtering our brother German. We will——" (sits down wiping the remains of odorous egg from his face).

He is well armed who wields a "John Bull" Pen.

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

BISHOPS AND CURATES.

ELDERLY CLERIC (*beaming*): You are the first person I have seen wearing that honourable badge, sir. The armlets have not appeared in my parish so far, but I am informed that a large number of my people have joined up under Lord Derby's scheme. Let me thank you, and congratulate you on offering your services on behalf of our beloved country.

ARMLETEER: Pooh, it's nothing, sir. A matter of simple duty, that's all. Only sorry I couldn't get straight away into khaki. But there's the wife and children and business to consider.

ELDERLY CLERIC: Quite so. What a beautiful wave of patriotism has swept over the country the last few weeks! It makes one proud to be a British subject.

ARMLETEER: That's true. But it's a pity the wave has left certain gentlemen high and dry.

ELDERLY CLERIC: You refer to the aristocracy? I thought they had responded nobly to the——

ARMLETEER: No, sir, I'm not referring to them, nor to the middle classes, nor to the workers. They've all come along fine. I was referring to certain of the Bishops who have forbidden their young clergy to enlist.

ELDERLY CLERIC: Ah, my friend, that is a matter you cannot be expected to understand.

ARMLETEER: Why not? It is a question of duty, is it not? I have done mine. Why should the Bishops prevent the eligible clergy from doing theirs?

ELDERLY CLERIC: But you must understand that the duty of a clergyman is different from the duty of a soldier. The first is a man of peace; the second is a man of war.

ARMLETEER: I understand that. But what, arguing along those lines, is the duty of a lay civilian? Being neither a clergyman nor a soldier, how is he to interpret his duty to his country?

ELDERLY CLERIC: It is his duty to help to defend it by becoming a soldier, as *you* have done, although not yet called up for active service.

ARMLETEER: And what, then, is the duty of the able-bodied curate of military age?

ELDERLY CLERIC: It is his duty to obey his Bishop. At his ordination he vows to submit himself to the godly judgments of his Ordinary and other chief Ministers unto whom are committed the charge and government over him.

ARMLETEER: But suppose a patriotic young curate does not consider that the Bishop's refusal to allow him to enlist *is* a godly judgment? Would he not then be justified in disobeying, and becoming a recruit?

ELDERLY CLERIC: Certainly not! What, a curate question the ruling of his Bishop? A Bishop's judgment must of necessity be godly.

ARMLETEER: Then how is it that one or two Bishops have not forbidden their young clergy to enlist, but rather encouraged them to do so? Can two diametrically opposite judgments be equally godly?

ELDERLY CLERIC: The point is this—the clergy are pledged to peace. To shed blood is not their vocation. The idea of taking a fellow creature's life is abhorrent to the mind of a Christian priest.

ARMLETEER: Isn't that a bit hypocritical? The clergy bless the arms and pray for the victory of our soldiers. They thereby sanction the prosecution of the war, although they decline to take an active part in it. Is the butcher who kills an ox any worse than the man who eats a steak cut from it?

ELDERLY CLERIC: I don't quite follow your illustration.

ARMLETEER: Well, call the soldier the butcher, if you will. Will the clergy refuse to accept the benefits of peace and security which will result from his fighting? You profess to follow Christ's example of non-resistance. But you do not. Christ told His disciple to put up his sword. Your Bishops do not tell our troops to sheathe their bayonets. Instead, they pray to God to give us victory over our enemies!

ELDERLY CLERIC: I—er—am afraid I cannot continue the discussion. This, unfortunately, is my station. Good day!

THE CONVERTED JEW.

A Jewish man, named Ikey Moss, was walking up the City
When a gentleman said to him," Excuse me, it's a pity
That a man like you, possessed of such a most distinguished air,
Should walk about in clothes worn out and shockingly threadbare.
I see, my Gentle Stranger, you belong unto a race
Which is usually distinguished by the nose upon the face.
I love them all like brothers and I bring you gladsome news—
I belong to the Society for the Conversion of the Jews.
We are doing rather badly, I've converted only one—
A little crippled tailor—since the dreadful war began.
You look quite poor and needy and I think I see good grounds
For making you a Gentile—and you'll get a thousand pounds."
Ikey went and signed some papers with the smug conversion gent,
And got his thousand pounds—less cash discount ten per cent.
The President who saw him was one Ebenezer Rose.
Ikey said." It's rather awkward I have such a Jewish nose,
And although I change my name and be known as Charley Baker,
No one would ever take me for a Christian or a Quaker."
Ikey walked off through the City and he went into a store
And bought and ordered Tommy's shirts and comforts by the score.
And when he'd spent the money he did a song and dance
To think the joy his parcels meant for our soldiers now in France;
And he wrote a letter most polite to Ebenezer Rose,
And said he couldn't go to Church with such a Jewish nose.
Ikey, as a fact, was really quite a wealthy man,
But opportunity had come to him to carry out a plan
To utilise the money some silly persons use
In a vain and fruitless effort to convert poor needy Jews.
The money he devoted to a cause both just and right,
To help our gallant Tommies to carry on the fight.
Let cant and humbug cease for aye; let's to ourselves be true—
It's the Kaiser wants converting, not a poor old Polish Jew.

BEN NATHAN.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published in this column. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"DAILY MAIL":—
"His (the railway transport officer's) DAY BEGINS AT COCK-CROW, AND, if he is lucky, ENDS AT THE SAME TIME THE NEXT MORNING. But he is not often lucky, and the result is he may be kept on the go for A FEW ADDITIONAL HOURS."

"MANCHESTER GUARDIAN":—
"There is a very robust and full-blooded kind of humour in the performance of Mr. and Mrs. —— ——, who appear with BLACKENED FACES AND VOICES TO HARMONISE."

"CARMARTHEN JOURNAL":—
"Mr. —— —— took THE NECESSARY OATS and his seat as a justice in virtue of his office of mayor."

"BRIGHTON EVENING ARGUS" (advertisement):—
"FIREPROOF, dry bundles, 8s. 100. Central Firewood Factory."

"FOOTBALL CHRONICLE" (Manchester):—
"THE RECRUITING, of course, AFFECTED the gate, as well as THE WEATHER."

"BATH AND WILTS CHRONICLE":—
"Several titles are in doubt owing to the HAIRS being reported 'missing'":—

"RED MAGAZINE":—
"She FROWNED very slightly ABOVE HER STOCKING."

"SATURDAY POST" (Dundee):—
"'Nice sort of note to get on the eve of a match,' yawned Dandy Jim. . . . 'I feel inclined to tell him that I lit my pipe with his NOSE.'"

In "Everywoman's Weekly" Mr. Bottom'ey is at his best.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—."

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week

The widow of a Sergeant-Major, who had seen much service in India, on his death opened a small business with her life savings. Since the commencement of the war, however, things have gone from bad to worse, until the poor woman was at last obliged to pawn her husband's medals and her wedding-ring in order to obtain food for herself and little girl. The poor woman could see before her nothing but the workhouse until she applied to us.

A Rifleman came home three months after the commencement of the war, and died from frost-bite, leaving behind him a widow and two children, one a very delicate girl requiring a lot of nourishment. There appears to be some hesitation on the part of the Committee to grant this poor woman a pension, and we gladly helped her.

A Reservist's wife has had one of her little boys ill with scarlet fever. The Sanitary Authorities viewed the house, and informed her that she must remove to better premises. This, of course, necessitated expense. We gladly helped to defray the costs, and we hope that she is now comfortably settled.

Another's soldier's wife had her husband invalided home from the Front. The poor woman, naturally wishing to be nearer him, removed from Ireland, and now finds herself in great difficulties. She is the mother of two children, and will shortly possess a third, and was very worried as to how she was going to meet the coming expense. Her monetary anxieties have been removed—thanks to our readers.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

G. R. G., 5s.; "A Highland Soldier," 2s.; G. J. N., 2s. 9d.; "A Few Subscribers in H.M.S. *Seahorse*," 10s.; Mrs. F. G. B., 5s.; C. T. G. N., 2s.; J. J. 2s.; Mrs. E. D. (Aberdeen), 10s.; "An Old Customer," 1s.; L. W., 1s.; Anon. (Sparkhill), 5s.; "Working Staff of His Majesty's Theatre, Dundee," £2; "One-half," 1s. 3d.; P. S. B. K., 2s. 6d.; G. U. N., 1s.; M. S. C., 5s.; "Justus-ante-generosus," 2s.; J. T. W., 5s.; "Blackpool," 10s.; R. P., 2s. 6d.; "Widow's Mite," 2s.; "Patriot," 2s. 9d.; "Senga," 2s.; "Two Derby R.A.M.C.s," 2s.; "Justice," 2s.; "Staff of Alexandra Club," 10s.; "Newtonian," 3s.; S. M., 2s. 6d.; "Baa Lamb," 5s.; J. D. (Liverpool), 1s.; M. W., E. W. D., J. M. and W. A. (Argentina), £1; A. C., 6d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; "Vieille Branche," 1s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; "A Middlesbrough Munition Worker," 5s.; S. H. N., £1; C. N., 2s. 9d.; Lce.-Cpl. E. S. (B.E.F.), 5s.; F. W., 1s.; E. A. K., 2s. 6d.; "Second Saloon Passengers of s.s. *Kashyar*" (second contribution), £3 19s. 1d.; "L. B. and Friend," 2s.; "A Few Coopers and Machinists" (Woolwich Arsenal), 5s. 3d.; J. J. (Springs), £1; R. W. W., 1s. 3d.; J. W., 2s.; J. H. H., 6d.; "Umtali," £2; C. S., 5s.; S. H. S., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. L., 1s.; Anon., 5s.; A. W. (Sheffield), 1s.; "Scot," 1s.; "Canadian Soldier," 1 dollar; K. F., 5s.; J. I., 1s 6d.; "Rose of Denmark Social Club," 9s. 1½d.; G. H. K., 1s.; "Retired Clerk," 5s.; "Policeman and His Mate," 3s.; Heysham Golf Club, Ltd., £2 2s.; M. C., 2s.; A. C., 1s.; Gunner B. and Driver C., 1s. 4d.; H. M. B., 5s.; G. A. L. (Mount Ngwibi), £1; W. G. M. (Hull), 1s.; W. H. W., 6d.; A. W. F. (Taunton), 10s.; "Over Age," 10s.

Mr. A. S. Waller, the winner of the £1,000 Prize in our 16ith "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £10.

We have also received £1 1s. from the winner of the £100 prize in the same competition.

"JOHN BULL'S" CHRISTMAS CHARITIES.

For some years past it has been our habit to appeal to the generosity of our readers to enable us during the Christmas season to distribute gifts of food, clothing, toys, etc., amongst the London poor. This year, however, we must give first consideration to those who are either directly or indirectly affected by the pressure of the present crisis.

Our system has been to apply the money entrusted to our charge in the purchase of meat, bread, groceries, coal, etc., by means of orders upon local tradesmen, thus enabling the recipients to obtain food and fuel and take them to their own homes.

We also appeal for left-off and unwanted clothing of all shapes and sizes. A band of willing workers will carefully sort the articles into suitable lots. Toys, too—however old—are always welcome for the little ones, and the same remark applies to oranges, sweets, crackers—in short, to anything likely to bring a little happiness and sunshine during Christmas time into the homes of the poor.

Any sums of money will also be gratefully received. These should be forwarded direct to our Editorial Offices, 93 and 94, Long Acre; *but all parcels of goods should be sent to the "John Bull" Central Depot, 149, Mare Street, London, N.E.*

All donations, whether in money or kind, will be duly acknowledged on this page.

CHRISTMAS FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

A. L. (Gosport), 6d.; "Kaydor," 3s.; A. R., 1s.; J. P. (New York), 5s.; "Reading," 1s. 6d.; "Merry Christmas" (Mon.), 2s.; "A Bullet," 2s. 6d.; "Sailor's Mother," 1s.; G. F. (Ashford), 1s.; Mrs. S. A. S., 1s. 6d.; H. W. (West Africa), 1s.; "S. Ealing Reader," 1s.; E. A. O., 2s. 6d.; "E.C. 48," 5s.; W. H., 2s. 6d.; E. C. C., 1s.; C. W. B., 6d.; A. E. H., 2s.; R. H., 1s.; "The Patients and a Few Friends, Red Cross Hospital, Cromer" (per Pte. E. R.), 12s.; "1842," 2s.; "Over Age," 10s.; J. M., 6d.; "Old Reader" (King's Lynn), 2s. 6d.; R. H., 1s. 6d.; "Burma Joe," 2s. 9d.; Col.-Sgt. S. J. H., 1s.; "For of Such," 4s. 6d.; W. R., 10s.; Mrs. F. A., 2s. 6d.; H. G. (Ilford), 5s.; Miss V. C., 1s.; F. L., 1s.; W. L. S. C., 5s.; "Well-wisher," 50s.; S. A. A., 6d.; F. H., 5s.; L. P., 10s.; "Lil," 10s.; E. A. P., 5s.; L. B. B., 10s.; "Mother," 5s.; G. E. W., 5s.; E. R., 2s. 6d.; J. N., 5s.; "A Working Woman," 5s.; E. T. E., 5s.; D. F. C., 10s. 6d.; "Puzzled" (Kuala Lumpur), 1s.; L. M. L., 2s.; E. S., 1s.; "A Discovery," 5s. 3d.; "Baa Lamb," 5s.; E. G. S., 5s.; C. A. B., 3s.; "Trevu," 5s. 6d.; "Trevorian," 10s.; A. W., 7s.; A. C. D., 9d.; W. & G. E., 2s. 6d.; J. W., 1s.; E. C., 2s.; "Judy," 1s.; L. E., 1s.; A. J. C., 2s.; "Weymouth," 2s. 6d.; "Constant Reader, F.A.," 3s.; E. P., 2s. 6d.; F. R. H., 5s.; "Reader," £1; C. O. S., 5s.; L. & R. M., 10s.

We have also received parcels of clothing, boots, books, toys, etc., from the following:—L. W. (Worthing); "Annoy"; Mrs. W. (Plaistow); Mrs. M.; "Ivy" (St. Albans); "Dorcas" (Enfield); "Sunny Jim" (Belvedere); F. G.; "Egertonian" (Drayton Park); S. B. (Wyndham); A. K. (Feltham); M. H. (Plaistow); "Ylias"; E. C. G. (Ealing); Mrs. C. T. (Maida Vale); Mrs. R. (Teignmouth); N. C. J.; "A Well wisher" (Herne Bay); "Nurse Nanine, Pat and Desiree"; Mrs. St. Q. (Cambridge); "A Reader" (Wokingham); "A Sailor's Dad, Mam and Sis"; "A Shepherd" (Blackpool); Frank (?); Mrs. A. B. (Sharnbrook); F. M. W. (Ealing); E. A. G. (Anerley); N. S. (West Hartlepool); Miss A. L. (Kirk Langley); A. M. (Barnsley); J. S. (Weston-super-Mare); "Christmas Daisy" (Monmouth); E. G. (Marylebone); "Three Bachelor Sisters" (Bradford); Mrs. E. (Camberwell); Anon. (Gloucester); "Red Riding Hood"; a hamper; a barrel; Mrs. A. W.; "Mrs. W. and the Children"; Messrs. H. Lotery and Co., parcel of clothing; Sir Thomas Lipton, 2,000 oranges and 2,000 cakes.

Our £1,000 Football offer is open to *you*.

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Health is the most important thing in the world! Happiness, energy, success, beauty, physical attraction—all depend upon health! Keep your system cleansed and fortified by an occasional course of Kruschen Salts and you will enjoy health that keeps the eyes bright, the mind clear, the skin clear and wholesome, and the whole body tingling with vitality and well-being.

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Therefore, when you are offered a substitute, have the courage to insist on Kruschen. A salesman who tries to sell you a substitute is obviously thinking more about his extra commission than your health. If the trick should be tried on you, shun that shop in future and go to an honest chemist.

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ONE PRICE
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TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

The Young Officer and the Salute.

A correspondent who has three sons with the Colours, one an officer at the front, two others under training and a fourth serving his country on the high seas, writes protesting against the tactlessness and punctiliousness that is being displayed by some of the more youthful officers in the British Army, and which is being deeply resented by "mere privates" much older than their "superiors." "Here is what happened," he says: "One of my sons who is in the London Scottish was walking along a public thoroughfare in South London after dusk when he passed an officer—a mere "stripling" not more than 19, who was standing under the shadow of a lamp-post—without saluting him. He had proceeded only a few paces when the officer haughtily called him back and the following dialogue ensued:—Officer: "Don't you know you ought to salute officers?" Private: "I know I am required to salute the King's uniform." Officer: "Why did you not salute me?" Private: "After dusk no soldier is required to salute." The officer coloured to the roots of his hair and disappeared, crest-fallen. Clearly the private had "won."

Cheerless Clacton.

Who is responsible for Springfield Hospital at Clacton? Is it still practically an empty house, save for the patients and their attendants? Do the men buy their own soap and candles, and have they to drink their tea and eat their stew out of disused milk tins or jam-jars?

The Boys' Baccy.

We like the South African boys. They have seen much service in the southern limb of the Dark Continent from the days of the first Matabele war to the Baambata rebellion. Anyone who has lived in South Africa knows how the native tobacco is relished. The boys like their Magaliesborg weed, which they have been accustomed to buy by the bagful at a very cheap rate. But they pay through the nose for it here, and ask us to appeal to have the duty taken off, so that they may enjoy their favourite smoke. We commend this matter to the War Council, if they are interested, and to the Inland Revenue authorities.

Loot, Loot, Loot.

The thieves and rascals who are employed in the carriage of postal parcels to our boys must be weeded out and jailed for long terms—indeed, it might be as well to pass a short Act making it a capital offence to rob our soldiers. Melancholy reading is the portion of our mail bag that tells of humble parcels, sent to the soldiers by their friends and relations, which either do not reach their destinations or have been thoroughly looted before getting there. The history of every war shows that we place countless fellows in uniform and trust them, and that they grow rich by robbery of the meanest kind. As the authorities, when they discover such thieves, will not shoot them, we suggest that they should hand them over to their victims to be dealt with.

A Funky Fighter?

We have had numerous letters from people who profess to be in possession of facts regarding the son of a "personage" who joined the Army so that he might have a standing as a man who could shout for recruits. According to unanimous report, the young man is so uppish that he holds his nose high over the crown of his head. He originally enlisted as a private, and was then drafted to one of our principal infantry regiments. When it was ready to go to the front he was transferred to a reserve battalion. Now that the battalion is in danger of proceeding on active service, he has been drafted into another regiment and given commissioned rank. We should like to know what influence has been at work to prevent him from doing his full duty.

Dardanelles Letters.

Even having made allowances for all kinds of difficulties, we have always been puzzled with regard to the Dardanelles mail. A ray of light has been let in by an officer who has returned from that stricken quarter, and who has told us that letters for the patients in hospital at Lemnos were left lying from the 25th September to the end of November, when some convalescent officers were asked to censor them. From the Dardanelles we have had many communications, some of which call for an inquiry into the general state of things in the direction of what we may call interior economy and treatment of the men. There are also loud shouts concerning a palatial hired liner, on board which a select bevy of personages appear to have made their quarters. Here again an inquiry is suggested in order to ascertain the rates which were charged to these persons for their food and wine before Lord Kitchener went out. If a tithe of what we have heard is true, the investigating parties should discover something interesting if they act on our hint.

Christmas Leave.

A line to the lads in camp and billet, and to their friends and relations at home. We are sorry that Christmas leave is not to be given to the men of many units. It is a matter of regret to us and to them that they may not get home to their families and friends, to have such cheer as this Christmas might offer, scant though it should be. By this time next year many a man may not be here for Yuletide or any other leave; but they must all bite upon the bullet. Hundreds of the boys and their friends have written asking for our good offices to get permission to return home to the fireside and the kiddies and relations for one more Yuletide greeting. Probably the engineers who run the tireless war machine would in their hearts like the men to have the leave for which they yearn; but they are afraid of the congestion that would result on the railways, though they are now run by the Government. The slacker and stand-back may travel in comfort with his golf-irons and other implements of sport; the other slacker who prefers staying behind a ribbon-counter to fighting must not be delayed in his rush home for Christmas! The fighters have our sympathy and our best wishes; but if we were multiplied by a thousand, the edict against Christmas travelling for soldiers would not be altered. An order of the London Brigade forbids travelling at soldiers' rates by train on Christmas Eve and the day preceding it. Good luck and some joy to the lads, despite this. We notice that many of them have been asked to find the necessary money to provide them with a good Christmas dinner! The nation that looks after its heroes so well is entitled to pat itself on the back! The music-hall song declared that they are missed and loved, and will be kissed when they come back again. That, apparently, is considered sufficient by the authorities.

Missing Men.

Can any of their comrades give us tidings of the following men?:—

Pte. H. Cowper, 10210, 1st Yorkshires; Pte. A. T. Bell, 7737, H Co. 2nd Platoon, 1st Black Watch. Cpl. A. G. Repton, 3650, 7th E. Surreys; Pte. E. Branson, 395, D Co., 5th Connaught Rangers. Pte. D. Hazell, 8113, 4th Batt. Rifle Brigade, Pte. J. H. Widdows, 2650, Signal Section, 5th Lincolnshires (T.F.); Sapper J. Donohoe, 19714, 57th Co. R.E.; Pte. G. E. Wood, 3515, A Co. 1-4th Leicesters; Pte. J. J. Steadman, 11958, B Co., 5th Platoon, 1st Royal Berkshires; Pte. W. J. Pickett, 11433, 9th Platoon, 3rd Co., 3rd Batt. City of London R.F.; Pte. F. Bryan, 2146, 1-8th Sherwood Foresters; Pte. H. Hope, 7155, C Co., 1st Batt. The Queen's R.W.S.; Pte. C. Comley, 14352, X Co., 2nd Hampshires; Pte. F. J. Field, 1773, 9th East Surreys; Pte. T. Frists, 9709 D Co., 13th Platoon, 2nd N.F.; Driver P. Mitchell, A.S.C.; Sergt. H. J. Smith, 9285, 2nd Batt. The Buffs; Signaller Geo. Hall, 15895, 10th Yorks; Pte. C. Barber, 13411, No. 3 Co., 10th Batt. Gloster Regt.; Pte. H. Taylor, 13853, B Co., 9th Worcesters; L.-Cpl. G. Bell, 37635, 4th Platoon, A Co., 1st Batt., The Welsh Regt.; Pte. Wagstaff, 9624, 12th Field Co. R.E., 6th Div.; Pte. C. E. Nokes, 2591, D Co., 8th Batt. R.W. Kents; Pte. T. Kelly, 10665, A Co., 4th Batt. Canadians; Pte. F. J. Tucker, 14177, B Co., 8th Royal Berks.; Cpl. H. J. Dixon, 15218, 8th Somersets; Pte. E. Salsbury, 1st Royal Dragoons; Pte. G. Gutridge, 6/16435, D Co., 6th East Yorks.; L/Cpl. B. Blagden, 16552, 8th Northlnd. Fus.; Pte. Edward Barclay, 5340, M Co. 10th Gordon Hdrs.; Pte. T. Murphy, 8073, 8th Black Watch; Pte. W. Ball, 17118, Z Co., Hampshires; Pte. H. Pell, 11119, A Co., 8th Lincolns; Pte. L. J. Hardy, Z34, A Co., Howe Batt., R.N.D.; Pte. F. McGrory, 24162, 13th Batt. Canadian Rgt

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Such visions fair you only see
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The new and distinctive Tobacco
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Ask for B. D. V. BLUE LABEL
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Owing to urgent demands from the War Office for large supplies of Milkmaid Cocoa for the use of the Troops, we are compelled to disappoint our Trade customers until such demands have been satisfied. We therefore ask for the kind indulgence of the public for any delay that may occur in the execution of their orders.

NO ALTERATION IN PRICE
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Take CICFA with your heavy Yuletide meals instead of waiting for the Indigestion Pains.

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LUMINOUS WRIST WATCHES

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By sketching, and increase your income. Our booklet B, a free lesson in itself, shows you how. Write to-day to Secretary.

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IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

VISCOUNT FRENCH.

Good evenin', sir—*w'od?*—it's—no, it ain't—it *carn't* be! But I'm dam'd if it ain't, though! It's Sir John French, ain't it, sir? Vizcount French, I should say, me lord. You'll pawden me, I 'ope. . . . And 'ow are yer, sir—me lord, thet is? . . . *A bit done up?* Ah, I reckon you are, too. Seventeen months of 'ard grarft like wot *you're* 'ad takes it out of a man, me lord. You deserve a rest; but orl the same, I'm sorry you've 'ad to come 'ome. You've bin through the roughest passige, so it seems a pity ter me you won't be in command w'en the boys start shovin' the 'Uns back through Beljum an' over the Rhine. But everybody carn't 'ave everythink, can they, sir? . . . You sed a shave, I think, sir? . . . I thort so, sir. . . . *'Ave I joined up under the Derby scheme?* No, me lord, I'm sorry ter say I 'aven't. I tried, but the doctor wouldn't parss me. "You 'aven't got the stamina to make a soljer," 'e sed. "'Ow much stamina do you *h*expect a barber to 'ave?" I awsked. "You've got enough ter be rood," 'e sed, "but thet ain't suffishunt." But I never meant ter be rood, me lord. Not me. I wos disappointed, thet's orl. I told 'im so. 'E told me to 'old me tongue, git me clobber on, an' clear out. I pointed out to 'im I couldn't git me cloes on an' 'old me tongue at the same time. I told 'im I wosn't a *h*acrobat wot could pull me trousers on an' do 'em up with one 'and. Wot's more, I told 'im I wosn't in the 'abit of bein' spoke to like thet, an' bein' a prerfesshunal man, I resented it. "Wot are you?" 'e awsked. "I'm a quiffer," I ses. "Wot's thet?" 'e ses. "Since you don't 'appen to be acquainted with the French langwidge," I ses, "allow me to *h*inform you as quiffer means a n'airdresser, or barber," I ses. Thet rawther took 'im down, me lord. 'E turned 'is back on me, an' told the sergeant, in a strangled sorter voice, to take me away. Still, although I wosn't erlowed to join up, I'm 'opin' to git a n'armlet to show I'm not a slacker. . . . Does the razer soot yer, me lord? . . . *Thenk* you, me lord. . . . Seems strange *h*addressin' you as "me lord," me lord. It'll take a bit o' gittin' used to. You'll be "Sir John" to the Army fur a long time yet, sir. . . . I don't reckon the troops in the field'll be altogether pleased erbout yore givin' up, sir. Some of 'em 'oo've bin through it right from the first may grouse a bit an' awsk w'y *they* carn't retire, too, arfter seventeen months of proper 'll in the trenches. A good many of 'em would be on'y too pleased to come back to blighty an' do a bit of 'Ome Defence, an' give some o' the 'ome defenders a charnce to prove their right to wear khaki by doin' a bit at the front. . . . P'raps, now you've bin made Commander-in-Chief of the 'Ome Troops you'll look into this, me lord? . . . Course, sir, between you an' me, there'll be orl sorts o' rumers erbout you comin' 'ome. Some people'll say: "Look at Joffer! 'E ain't retired, but bin prermoted, w'ile Sir John 'as took a step down." But don't you worry erbout slarnderous tongues, me lord. The charnces are you'll come in again at the finish, arfter all. I 'ope so, I'm shore. . . . *There* you aw, sir. . . . Thank you, me lord, much erbliged. . . . Good day, sir! . . .

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for December 18th, 1915, bearing on the Cover the Numbers 174,624, and A381,728. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

RACING NOTES.

BY "THE SQUIRE."

Since the dates for the first four fixtures under National Hunt Rules were published, no additions have been made to the list. However, each week-end during January will have its day or days, and there is plenty of time to arrange for the programmes for the succeeding couple of months. Everyone will regret that it has been already definitely announced that there will be no Grand National in the Spring, the Liverpool course being wanted by the Military. The real Grand National could not be run anywhere else, for the Liverpool course is unique, and a National won at Manchester or on one of the park courses would in no wise be an equivalent

Racing will be resumed in Ireland on Boxing Day, when there will be meetings at both Leopardstown and Limerick. The entries for the latter meeting are not due until after this paper has gone to press. The Leopardstown programme is complete, and there on the first day LAMENTABLE may win the Bray Steeplechase, BEAUVRIL the Newtown Hurdle, and FLEETING PEACE the St. Stephen's Steeplechase. On the second day PRINCE ABERCORN should take the Regulation Steeplechase, ROWSTOCK* the Three-Year-Old Plate, and MINTON CHINA the Handicap Hurdle.

THE SQUIRE'S RACING SPECIAL will be published to-morrow (Thursday), especially dealing with the above meetings, and copies can be obtained at the bookstalls, or by order to ODHAMS LTD., 93, LONG ACRE, W.C. The price, as heretofore, is 6d.

No wires will be sent out for these Irish meetings, the series being resumed at Gatwick.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 11.

Three competitors submitted coupons showing only three errors, and so share the £100 prize, each receiving £33 6s. 8d.:—

BROWN, G., "The Walnuts," Little Waltham.
BUCHANAN, W. A., 21, Claremont St., C-on-M., Manchester.
HARVEY, S. A., 74, Wenham Drive, Westcliff-on-Sea.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published in the following issue

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done

The following have sent in correct claims:—

P. E. BROWN, 76, Eaton Road, Margate. 371,839. November 27th.
JOHN GASKELL, 338, Church Road, Haydock, St. Helens. A197,859. December 4th.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of December 18th:—

029211	331711	582791	833351	A105335
056254	370473	641174	859178	A139748
088801	389544	652019	868761	A178831
111366	437084	662633	923366	A200182
162084	461820	685693	944586	A235655
187879	470473	722666	960620	A266430
225183	496871	747372	978951	A292566
239542	517544	777633	A022765	A332005
247207	545047	789655	A059230	A356739
265033	548868	802741	A086542	A378562

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published December 29th).

HAD YOURS YET?

If not, don't delay.

Cut out the Coupon opposite.

"JOHN BULL" PEN.

Owing to postal pressure and the holiday season, there may be a delay of a few days in the receipt of Pens. In these circumstances, readers are requested to extend their forbearance.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Dec. 25th, 1915.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

Pte. H. S. (B. E. F. France) and MANY OTHERS.—Hearty thanks for your Christmas cards and greetings. "The same to you and many of them."

A. E. S. (Leamington Spa).—The Christmas Number of the *Sportsman's Gazette*, official organ of the 23rd and 24th (Service) Battalions Royal Fusiliers, has our warmest wishes for its success. All the best to all the boys.

"CUMBRIAN" (Embleton) asks us to form a huge procession, march to the House of Commons, and "turn every devil inside out." But in that case would every devil turned outside in necessarily be any better?

W. J. H. (Vancouver).—Kind wishes appreciated. We are only a little off the 1½ million mark.

C. H. B. (Sherborne) affirms, among other things, that our paper is "full of the wine of life." Quite so; and only a penny a bottle!

H. J. W. (H.M.S. *Dreadnought*).—No, we have not seen the Germhun navy. Have you?

"COMRADE" (H.M.S. *Dreadnought*).—From other information, we should say the "persistent rumour going round the Grand Fleet that the P.O. officials pack naval mail bags with a Nasmyth hammer and a hydraulic press" is as near the truth as rumour can get.

"WHITE SWAN" (Essex).—In "New Testament days" the publican was not a man who sold beer, but one who collected the taxes. The only "text" we know on the subject is Isaiah xxiv. 11: "There is a crying for wine in the streets; all joy is darkened; the mirth of the land is gone."

"PETER" (London, E.C.).—"It is the press which tells us truth, half-truth, and untruth." Perhaps it does its best.

S. W. (Harrow).—"There is a great unrest among certain authors concerning the overwhelming production of charity books." They are bound to sell, you see.

H. G. (Balham).—The explanation probably is that the Germhun Sanatogen Co. are sending out these advertising prescription envelopes free to chemists, and that some of them do not at all mind being made the medium of advertising Germhun goods.

R. T. (Gosforth).—Remember you are not the only one by about 30,000,000 who offers suggestions to the Admiralty on this, that, or the other. Twenty-nine million nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine thousand nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine of that crowd need not have worried.

L. B. (Penarth).—We have already expressed our strong opinion that the employment of Germhuns and Austrians, naturalised or unnaturalised, in the public and semi-public departmental services is akin to madness.

"AN OLD ATHY MAN" (Co. Kildare) tells us that Athy, with a population of 8,000, has given 1,500 men to the colours. That looks like a record.

A. W. (Edinburgh).—Sorry to say we do *not* know Cockenzie, but would be glad to learn how a fisherman of that town came to be found in a captured U boat.

"WIFE AGE 40" protests against our plea for more babies and yet more babies, because some women die in childbirth. And are we to travel by train no more because there is sometimes an accident?

E. E. D. (Mon.).—You may be "a collier of humble origin," but your sentiments do you credit, and you know how to express them. Can it be true that the chemical substitute for sugar, announced two years ago as marketable at 1½d. per pound, is identical with the "war sugar" now sold at 5d.? We live and learn.

R. A. H. (London, N.).—We know it was the late Lord Salisbury who was responsible for "swopping" Heligoland for Zanzibar.

"ARGUMENT" (Shorncliffe).—Lord Kitchener was born at Ballylongford, Co. Kerry, Ireland.

E. B. (St. Margaret's-on-Thames).—We, too, are confident that enlistment would have been far more brisk if all Germhuns, naturalised or otherwise, had been interned from the beginning of the war.

"CONSTANT READER" (Skipton).—So you, too, want to know what a working man has to fight for. That's the sort of question we shall expect from Skipton so long as it is represented by a man like Clough.

"POINTITE" (Durban).—Surely the meaning of our recent cartoon is clear enough. Tommy is risking his life in the trenches for 8s. a week, while our heroic M.P.s receive £8 per week for yapping (when they are not sleeping) in the House of Commons.

TROOPER W. D. (British E. Africa).—Glad to hear all you boys out there are O.K.

D. S. (Seaton Carew).—It is hard to believe that certain soldiers in your district who have lost an eye or the use of an arm have been passed as fit to go out to fight again. Produce your evidence.

"NUF SED" (Jarrow-on-Tyne) suggests that our army of occupation in Berlin should be composed of Zulus and other dusky warriors. Judging by what we have lately read in Germhun papers, nothing would please the fraus and frauleins better.

Mrs. —— (Berkeley Square, W.).—We think we had better warn you that Winston Churchill did not break his *parole* when he escaped from the Boers, and that not long ago he took action for libel against a person who repeated the baseless slander, and obtained damages. So you had better guard both your pen and tongue.

H. McL. (Ill., U.S.A.).—We have no doubt there are thousands of good British subjects in the United States who would gladly come home and join up if they could only raise the price of their fare.

Mrs. B. G. (Forest Gate).—You are quite right. The fact of a man being born in England does not make him a true Briton. It must be bred in the bone, and then it does not matter where he was born.

"CHAMPAYNE" (Walsall).—If two men infringe the No Treating Order by sharing the cost and the contents of a bottle of champagne, then the Order is even more asinine than we thought it.

Miss N. GEARY (Stourbridge).—We have a letter addressed to you from a friend at the front. It was found trodden into the mud close to the trenches. If you will drop us a line mentioning his Christian name, we will forward the package (which includes a damaged postal order) on to you.

"ENQUIRER" (Lowestoft).—There is small doubt that we are still permitting food to reach Germhuny, and it would not surprise us to learn that the pickled herrings sent from your part to America find their way back to the Huns.

"A READER" (Small Heath).—Agreed that numbers of stalwart School Board Inspectors would be better employed in *strafing* the Germhuns than in chasing little children who have been kept from school for a few days.

"FAIRPLAY" (E. Molesey) suggests a Flag Day for the benefit of our brave trawler men. Good idea. Unfortunately *we* have not the organisation to work it.

J. P. T. (Glencale).—We have several times stated that episcopal salaries are derived from Church, and not from State, funds.

H. W. (London, N.).—"Tear that placard down, No longer let it stand, 'An Insult to our Country.' Bottomley? Be damned." *Apres vous, cher ami!*

"COAL AND CHRISTMAS."—Will the reader who sent us particulars of a poor old lady who had been saving 1d. a week to get a rabbit at Christmas kindly communicate with us? Our letter has been returned by the Post Office.

C. T. (Itchen).—It is no doubt as impossible for the War Office as for us to acknowledge directly every letter received.

"PUBLICOLA" (Liverpool) sends us a printed "Anathema on Nurse Cavell's Assassins," and asks us whether it is too severe for circulation. No, but useless.

"SOME SOLDIERS ON ACTIVE SERVICE—WITH MOTHERS."—Many thanks for 6s. 6d. sent for the benefit of "the mother of seven gallant sons," who was recently fined under the new lighting restrictions. Will the good lady, late of Cleethorpes, kindly send us her present address?

After the pudding, sit by the fire with "John Bull's" Xmas Number.

"CONSTANT READER" (Ilfracombe).—Probably as a result of our persistent agitation, there now appears to be a likelihood that the medically rejected will be given armlets similar to those issued to the accepted.

F. C. (Bury).—We cannot think of any country more suitably named than Greece.

E. M. (Holloway, N.).—So von Bissing is permitted to take a two-hours' ride in a cab every day, although interned. We should rather like to be his driver on one of those occasions. It would probably prove the last.

C. H. (Putney).—We note that J. Telkamp, bulb importer, Holland, has now sent on the goods after long delay. Why not deal with your own countrymen?

"TWO POST OFFICE CLERKS" (Whitby).—"Soldier's Wife" did not, of course, imply that every feminine postal clerk is a "pert miss." That would be a mistake.

E. G. (Bedminster), excusing himself for writing in pencil, says he lent his "J.B. pen" to a friend, who finds it so good that he forgets to return it. Which shows the difference between the write and the wrong.

P. K. (Newcastle).—We are frequently warning the public against dealings of any kind with the Household Supply Co., 3, Warwick Street, Manchester.

J. R. S. (Yeovil).—We published a column exposure of *Ellesdee* weeks ago. Evidently you read us carelessly.

H. W. H. (Harlesden).—Quite right that the khaki armlets being issued to military volunteers bears the legend, "Klingee Manufacturing Co."

"AMY" (Leeds).—*re* "Dainty Baltics" Revue, can you send us further particulars?

H. V. C. (Melton Mowbray).—We notice in the parish magazine the announcement of the marriage on November 22nd of William Gotobed to Florence Williamson, but we hereby decline to pry into William's private affairs.

"BOBS" (Troon).—Presumably you mean the South African Options Syndicate, the shares of which were a lively gamble at one time on the reported discovery of a diamond "pipe," which so far, however, has come to nothing. You would get scarcely anything by realising now and should hold on the chance of their having another run some day. We cannot identify the other concern mentioned; please send the correct title and also your full name and address.

J. G. (Liverpool).—You were quite right. Bradlaugh died on January 30th, 1891.

T. M. W.—Thanks for generous donation, which the absence of your full name and address prevents our acknowledging personally.

S. M. (Barnsley).—Hope you made things clear to the dear old lady who refused to knit anything more for the soldiers since she heard they were giving the Germhuns socks.

A. M. P. (Bombay).—We do not recognise you "as a contributor to our valuable paper." What did we last publish of yours? You urge us to round up all the Huns at home. Are you doing your duty in that respect in India? We *have* heard rumours about the Viceroy's Musical Director.

SPR. C. W. (nr. Plymouth).—You certainly are to be congratulated if you got anything at all out of Cole, who ran the Patriots' League, and is now undergoing sentence for fraud.

T. C. (Glasgow).—You appear to be itching to drag us into a controversy on Roman Catholicism. We decline the invitation, leaving sectarian disputation to religious sectaries.

A. H. and R. S. (Handsworth).—When you send your names we shall be pleased to answer your letter.

"SURREY BULLITE" tells us that the following was seen in a Farnham newsagent's shop-window: "Are you down-hearted?- Yes? Then see this week's JOHN BULL." Quite right. It's thumbs up with us.

——— (———).—Your guard did not fail to post your letter. You have our sympathy. You are not the first man whose patriotism has got him into trouble. Did you get the 90 days you expected?

H. N. R. (Ceres).—We would not shock the morals of the Scots for worlds.

J. H. T. (Leyton).—If what you say is true, the Vicar's remark that "we have no poor now" is quite otherwise. Think he is going blind?

"CANUCK."—The page of "remarks" by men of the Canadian Contingent unfit for further service and invalided home has been forwarded to our lively Canadian contemporary *Jack Canuck*, as English readers are hardly conversant with the mental and physical characteristics of General Sir Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, who recently announced that it was his plan "to join the Canadian boys and personally to lead them in the final march to Berlin."

WILLIAM WILSON (Acton Green).—Where are you? Your wife is broken-hearted.

"MON FOY ET MON ROY" (Abassia).—Afraid it would not do to ventilate your particular grievance until after the war.

"TROUBLED ONE" (Earlswood).—Surely you know it is against our rule to answer anonymous communications. Sorry we cannot recommend an auctioneer for your old family silver.

"FOX" (Yorks), reminding us that Mr. Leif Jones, M.P., is the Dowager Countess of Carlisle's private secretary, says she probably makes the teetotal bullets while he fires them. No matter. As lief Jones as any other.

"MATILDA" (Scarboro').—The best advice we can give you is to communicate with the Government.

"GLASGOW" (Glasgow, N.).—All our answers would be mere guesses, and therefore they would not lighten your darkness

A. G. (Dutch W. Borneo) thought slavery was abolished, yet every native has to work 30 days in the year for nothing for the Dutch Government. Always in matters of business, the fault of the Dutch was giving too little and asking too much.

"50 YEARS' WORKER" (Shepherd's Bush).—It is not our object to run a Penny Weekly Cyclopædia.

O. A. J. (Bromyard).—"To decide a bet, will you tell me Lord Kitchener's height?" Certainly; as soon as we have measured him.

MRS. J. M. BAILEY (Tarring).—Doubtless your husband was actuated by a worthy motive in proclaiming the war news through a megaphone at intervals during the day, but it must have been a nuisance to the neighbours, especially in the early morning. However, the spirit is the thing, and we wish him luck.

"CORPORAL" (Mil. Hosp., Blackley).—Suggestions received. Bravo for having "been in from the start and hoping to be in at the death."

"NOT TOO PROUD" (London).—It is certainly the patriotic duty of all architects to stipulate for British-made materials when drawing up their specifications. Certain Americans, masquerading as English firms, are too highly favoured by the profession.

A. M. (Shepherd's Bush).—We cannot agree that the boys' books you mention deserve to be classed as pernicious literature. They are certainly no worse than the "Deadwood Dick" series and other "blood and thunder" masterpieces we revelled in in our own boyhood days.

"A READER" (Lincoln).—Lincoln Corporation Gas Works will not sell you any more ½ cwts. of coke, and nothing less than 6 cwt. can be bought in future. That must be "economy." We cannot take home sixpenn'orth of spirits now; must buy a quart. Lincoln follows a bad example.

"EARLY FINISH."—Certain naval officers might very well dispense with their civilian valets of military age, at any rate for the duration of the war, and thus release more men for the fighting forces.

W. M. (East Finchley).—"If leaflets printed in Germhun, as follows, were scattered throughout Germhuny by airmen flying above gunshot, a revolution would probably result there and end the war." You might as well shake the trees in Vallambrosa.

J. W. (East London College).—Our answer is that it is useless to cast pearls before pork.

J. B. M. (Falkirk).—The statements of the private may be all true, but we do not know that they are so. In any case we might do wrong in publishing them.

"LESLIE" (Plymouth).—"As my doctor puts it, I am only fit for a job that is made for me." Sorry, for how to find that job must naturally be a puzzle.

"REGULAR READER" (Clapton).—"In my opinion all shops should come under the Early Closing Act. What is yours?" Not yours.

W. H. K. (Gillingham).—The facts of the case are not within our knowledge, except as you relate them to us.

"SNORTY."—You know very well we do not answer anonymous correspondents. You can obtain the information from a Free Library without troubling us to look it up for you.

J. M. (Keith).—Your suggested "boom," for throwing into the enemy's trenches, does more credit to your imagination than your commonsense. Fancy getting a fantastic idea like that from Scotland, of all places!

"HILDA."—Glad to hear that there is "at any rate one decent tea room—Rose's, at 87, Walbrook." We must drop in one day on the chance of meeting you!

MRS. B. K. (Groombridge).—We do not believe that "the knack (?) of writing interestingly, how to sell articles and stories, and all you need to know to get into print, can be acquired by post." Success in free lance journalism as a rule can be won only by years of determined effort, accompanied by repeated disappointments, although expert guidance may lessen the time.

(A large number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

In 1916, as in 1915, the "John Bull" Pen will be *It*.

BOXERS AND BOXING.

A NIGHT WITH THE IRISH GUARDS.

BY EUGENE CORRI.

Last Wednesday night I gladly took myself to Warley Barracks, in response to a hearty invitation by the Earl of Kingston, to referee various contests between men of the Irish Guards. It was Warley *v.* Caterham, a fight for love, honour and glory—a real, rollicking Irish night, a night always bubbling with good humour, warm-hearted hospitality and sport of an uncommonly full-blooded kind. The affair came about in this way. Said in effect the good folk of the 3rd Reserve Battalion stationed at Caterham, "We are spoiling for a fight," and straightway the Irishmen at Warley replied, "Come over here and we'll accommodate ye." And the result—well, there was such a show of true British boxing that never was. The gymnasium at Warley Barracks was crowded as a matter of course; give a soldier an opportunity to see a clean honest fight in the good old-fashioned way, and all the King's horses and all the King's men would not keep him away from the ring-side.

The Guards with the Gloves.

I would not put the Irish soldier-boxer above any other, but I am bound to say that the Irish Guards when they put the gloves on have a kinder wheedling, fascinating way wid 'em so that even the old campaigner, such as I must confess I am, is obliged to say there are no fellows like them. Long-faced, wry-faced people, charitably dubbed pessimists, are for ever telling us that things are not as they should be, that the Old Country is going to the dogs. I wished those of this species had been with me at Warley, just to have had a look at the Irish Guards, first at work and later at play. They would have said then, like I said—"Germany be damned!"

It is only at games of sport that you really appreciate the real, deep, lasting affection the British officer has for his men; and Tommy reciprocates his officer's feeling. It is easy to referee bouts between soldiers; there is no hanky-panky, and so I had abundant opportunity of enjoying the boxing. Perhaps I should say fighting, for there was, as one expected, precious little sparring or feeling one's way to victory by means of science. In not one of the 18 bouts was there the least possible suggestion of anything but a good, honest mill. Of course I have seen decidedly more polished boxing, but I revelled in the ruggedness, the manliness of it. No one suffered in the least degree, though it was full steam ahead all the time. The winners in the light-weight novices were: Corporal Ryan and Recruits Whelan and Somers; contests of six rounds were won by Corporal Conroy, Private Gilligan and Sergeant O'Connor. The successful welter-weight novices were Corporal Morrison, Recruit Hyne and Private O'Rourke; middle-weight winners were Recruits Finlay, Higgins and McKenna; the light-heavy-weights who triumphed were Privates Hogan, Campbell and Kierman; the "heavies" Corporal Butler, Daly and Hall. The latter's victory over Recruit Curran, in what was the last bout of a splendid night, made "honours even" as between Warley and Caterham, and a better ending could not have been.

A New Young Giant.

I would not write anything calculated to make any boxer balloon-headed, but I should like to say that I formed quite a high opinion of Corporal Boland. Physically he is tremendous, a modern Jan Ridd. I should say that he is not yet 20 years of age, and weighs quite 16 stone. He seems to like fighting, and certainly shaped well against Private Roots, whom he defeated. Maybe if he were taken in hand we should hear quite a lot of this young giant, Boland.

Our New £1,000 Football Competition

£1,000 For an All-Correct Coupon.

£250 If One Error . . . . . .

£100 MUST be won EVERY WEEK .

We print herewith a coupon showing 18 matches to be played Saturday, January 1st. It is for you to forecast the results of these 18 matches. Thus, if your judgment tells you that Bury will beat Burnley you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Home." If you think that Burnley will beat Bury then you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Away." If you think that the match will end in a draw, you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Draw." *Do not cross out the names of the teams. Mark only with a cross* (X).

£250 FOR ONE ERROR.

Should no competitor send an all correct coupon, we shall award £250 to the reader whose coupon shows only one mistake. Should nobody succeed in winning either the £1,000 or the £250, then

£100 MUST BE WON

by the reader submitting the most nearly correct coupon. Competitors may send as many coupons as they choose, provided they abide by the rules of the Competition.

O.H.M.S. Members of his Majesty's Forces on Active Service abroad need not attach a voucher or postage stamp, but must write the words "Active Service" across space provided for stamp.

RULES. (1) All coupons must reach JOHN BULL, 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, not later than Friday, December 31. (2) Each and every coupon must have pinned to it, *not stuck down*, a penny stamp or else a Voucher to be found in *Everywoman's Weekly*. (3) The *Sporting Life* results will be accepted as correct. (4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for loss or non-delivery of any letter or letters. (5) Any alterations on a coupon will disqualify it. (6) In the event of a tie the Prize will be equally divided amongst the successful competitors. (7) All coupons must be marked in *ink*. Pencil marking will disqualify. (8) Should any of the matches not be finished, only the £100 Prize will be awarded. (9) Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

N.B.—Every coupon must have a penny stamp or a voucher from *Everywoman's Weekly* pinned to it. *Do not stick down your stamps.* Pin them.

SCOTTISH READERS MAY COMPETE.

HOME	AWAY	DRAW	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM.
			Bury	v.	Burnley
			Blackpool	v.	Manchester C.
			Manchester U.	v.	Stoke
			Oldham A.	v.	Everton
			Rochdale	v.	Stockport C
			Southport C.	v.	Bolton W.
			Hull City	v.	Leeds City
			Sheffield U.	v.	Notts County
			Notts Forest	v.	Bradford
			Watford	v.	Brentford
			Fulham	v.	Tottenham H.
			Millwall	v.	Arsenal
			Clapton O.	v.	West Ham U.
			Queen's Park	v.	Ayr United
			Celtic	v.	Rangers
			Falkirk	v.	Clyde
			Raith R.	v.	Dumbarton
			Morton	v.	Aird'eonians

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

PIN a penny postage stamp or Free stamp Voucher from *Everywoman's Weekly* **HERE**

Name .....

Address .....

.....

No. 14 Closing date, Friday, December 31st.

A Patriotic New Year's Gift.

Send for the FREE Illustrated Booklet, describing the most appropriate, most beautiful, most patriotic and most enduring gift at the present time for any person of intelligence, young or old.

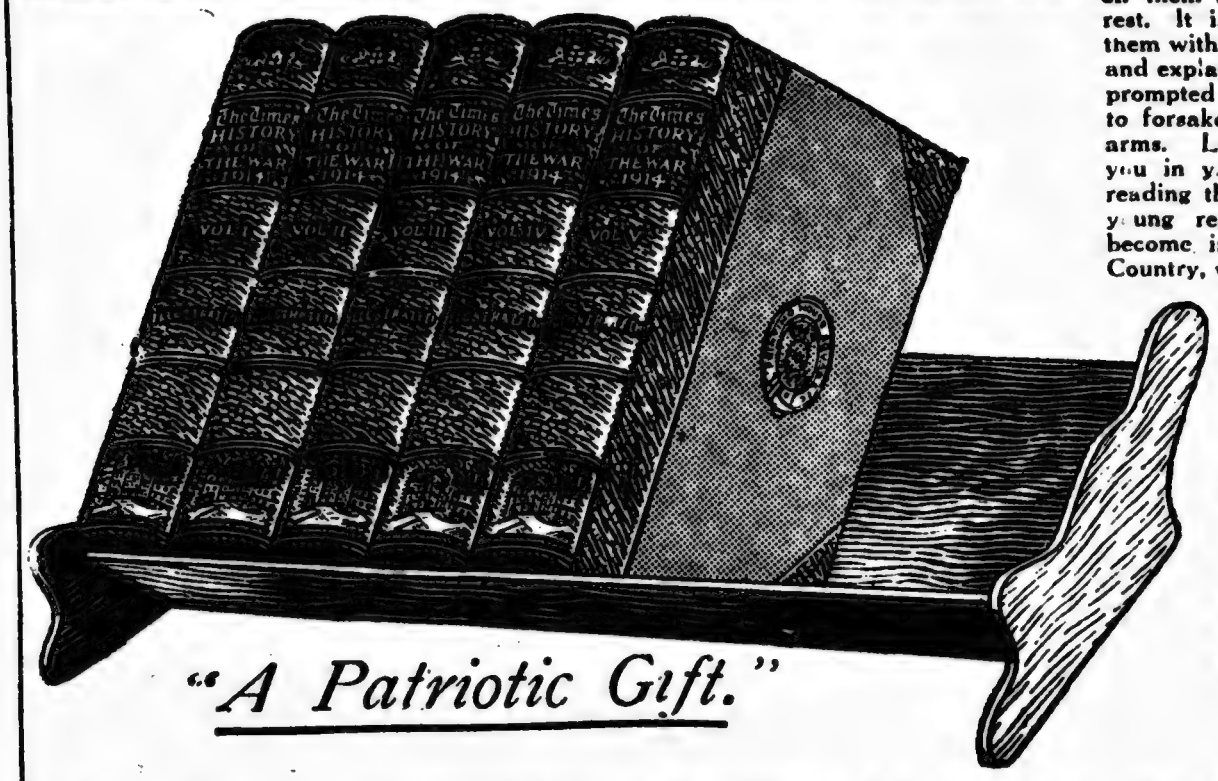
THE FIVE BOUND QUARTERLY VOLUMES OF The Times ILLUSTRATED HISTORY AND ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF THE WAR.

FOR YOUR FRIEND. You are sure to have some friend or relation who would like to have these noble volumes as a permanent possession. Perhaps, however, his means are too slender to indulge in book buying. Here then, is your chance to brighten your friend's New Year and innumerable other years also.

In the Free Illustrated Booklet you will learn how easily you can arrange, by the Subscription System of Payment, to have the Five Volumes despatched at once to his address and the remaining volumes sent as they appear.

FOR YOUR HOME. "The Times" Illustrated HISTORY and ENCYCLOPAEDIA of the WAR provides what every household ought to possess—viz., a **National Work of Reference** upon every phase and aspect of this conflict which is re-shaping the destinies of the World. Get these volumes, therefore, and let them occupy an honoured place upon your bookshelves. Add to their pages your own personal touch. On the back of the Title Page, for instance, inscribe the names of those near and dear to you who are serving in this war. Annotate the margins with supplementary facts drawn from your own personal knowledge or experience. Here and there insert a photograph or a letter which has come into your hands and which ought not to be lost. In this way you can render the History a human document of intensest interest to those who come after you—an heirloom with which they will not readily part.

FOR YOUR CHILDREN. Though it may be beyond them just now, they will grow up to it. Remember the children are the men and women of the future, and on them the burden of Empire will soon rest. It is your duty, therefore, to equip them with sound knowledge about this war, and explain to them the reasons that have prompted millions of our bravest and best to forsake their occupations and take up arms. Let these splendid volumes aid you in your task of instruction. When reading their vividly illustrated pages the young responsive minds cannot fail to become imbued with love of King and Country, with respect for National Honour, with lofty ideals of Courage, Self-Sacrifice and Devotion; with all, in fact, that is meant by a Patriotic Spirit.



"A Patriotic Gift."

These five volumes, each measuring 12¼ in. by 8½ in., contain approximately 2,500 pages, 1,020,000 words, 2,500 illustrations and some 128 Maps, Plans and Diagrams; also a copious Index to each volume.

These Volumes are issued in Four Bindings.

In red and gold, and of a design exclusive to "The Times." On the front cover they bear the Private Seal of "The Times" (shown above) and on the back a representation of Printing House Square. The prices per volume are as follows:—

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To the Publisher,
"The Times,"
Printing House Square,
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Please send me the FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET as here shown, together with full particulars of how I may obtain the Five Bound Volumes of "The Times" Illustrated History and Encyclopædia of the War by the Subscription System of Payment.

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J.B. .....

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Rheumatism is mankind's commonest ill. It is also one of the most painful. Strangely enough, it is one of the easiest to relieve—if the right means are taken.

But most sufferers are entirely on the wrong track. Uric Acid must be treated *through the blood*. The Uric Acid must be dissolved and passed off through the secretions before relief can be obtained and permanent cure commenced

URILLAC

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Cheaper than Aspirin.

THE CERTAIN CURE FOR:—

Urillac effects a certain cure where everything else has failed. It is taken up by way of the liver, mixing freely with the vital fluid, and dissolves the uric acid deposits which are the cause of the disease. Urillac is sold by Boots and all Chemists at 1s. 3d. and 3s., or post free from

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RHEUMATISM
GOUT
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SCIATICA
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GRAVEL
and All Uric Acid Ailments and Pains

FREE SAMPLE will be sent on receipt of two penny stamps for postage.

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The Smartest Invention of The Toy World.
Can be put together and taken to pieces as often as desired

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Riley Billiards In Thousands of Homes for a small first payment of 8/6.

GREAT FREE TRIAL OFFER to prove the enjoyment it gives.

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DOWN

brings to your home immediately

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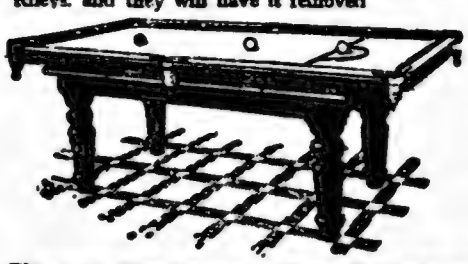
8s. 6d. down—and then, whilst you are getting the enjoyment from the Table, you pay the balance in 12 monthly payments of 8s. 6d.

Cash price 6 Guineas—a delightfully convenient size to fit OVER an ordinary table, and to fit any ordinary sized room. Measures 6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in.

One of these delightful Riley Miniature Tables is despatched to your door, carriage paid within seven days from receipt of your P.O. for 8s. 6d. If you're not completely satisfied after seven whole days' trial, pack up the Table advise Rileys, and they will have it removed



This is the Riley Miniature Billiard Table, shown resting on ordinary table.

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RILEY "COMBINE" BILLIARD AND DINING TABLE

—really a magnificent piece of furniture, which may be converted into a large-sized Billiard Table by its very simple automatic raising and lowering action. This size also can be secured on easy payments spread over a period of 13 or 18 months. Cash prices are from £13 10s to £38.

FREE. On receipt of a postcard, full detailed Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables, and full or small sized Tables or Sundries.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Premier Works, Accrington.

London Showrooms: 147, Aldersgate Street E.C.

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"JOHN BULL SAFETY MATCHES"

Made at

"ENGLAND'S GLORY"

Match Works, Gloucester.

OF ALL GROCERS, OILMEN, &c.

A Wrist Watch and Hunter Combined.

With the Army Protector you can convert *any* wrist watch into a miniature Hunter—thus assuring absolute protection to the watch and minimising risks to the wearer.

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Gives perfect safety to any Wrist Watch.

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Nickel or Khaki Finish 1/6
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Solid Silver from 6/6. Also in Solid Gold.
In all sizes to fit any watch.

Sold by Jewellers, Silversmiths, Cutlers, etc.

If unable to obtain from your own jeweller, send stamps or postal orders direct to Sales Manager:

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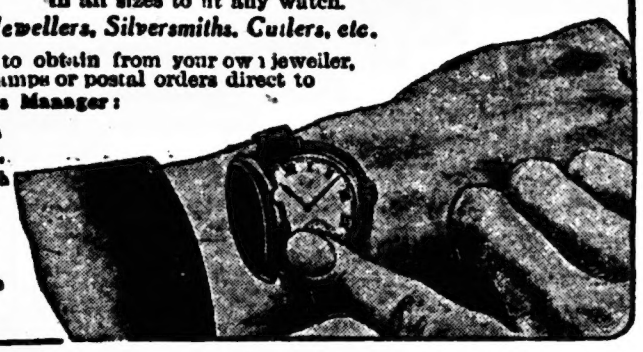


VERY SEVERE INFLUENZA

Speedily cured by Veno's.

Mr. Bertram, Yorks.

Mr. Wm. J. Bertram, 13, Lizard Street, Hall Lane, Bradford, York, says "About two years ago, I had influenza, which laid me up for four months. Then last winter I caught a chill, which soon started exactly the same symptoms—running at the nose, severe head pains, a bad cough and great difficulty in breathing. I thought I was in for another long illness, but hearing people speak so well of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure I tried a bottle. After a few doses I felt much relieved. My breathing was easier, and the cough and running at the nose not nearly so bad. Soon I was completely cured.

"I feel sure that but for Veno's I should have had an illness quite as severe as the previous one, perhaps worse. My work (wool-combing) makes me very liable to colds, as I have to work in great heat, but now I know how to guard my health with Veno's Lightning Cough Cure."

AWARDED GRAND PRIX & GOLD MEDAL, PARIS HEALTH EXHIBITION, 1916.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Surest Remedy for

COUGHS AND COLDS, BRONCHITIS, LUNG TROUBLES, INFLUENZA, HOARSENESS, ASTHMA, NASAL CATARRH, WHOOPING COUGH, BLOOD-SPITTING, DIFFICULT BREATHING.

11½d. A Bottle.

Larger Sizes, 1/3 and 2/- (the 2/- size is the most economical), of Chemists and Stores in all parts of the World.

Insist on having Veno's, and refuse all substitutes.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Better light for all

British Made in Rugby, England.

MAZDA lamps are used in the Royal Palaces.

Quality is essential to all articles provided for use in the Royal Household.

MAZDA lamps are used in the War Office, the Admiralty, the General Post Office and the Law Courts.

Only those articles which have passed most stringent tests are used by these Public Departments.

MAZDA lamps are used in an immense number of establishments engaged in the production of Munitions and other war material.

Lamps which can be relied upon to give good light and not to fail are absolutely necessary in such places.

MAZDA lamps are used in the Houses of Parliament.

If they were not of the highest grade they would not be used there.

You should use Mazda Lamps

and follow the example of those large buyers who, with a definite knowledge of electric light values, have chosen to instal Mazda Lamps.

Sold by all Electrical Contractors, Ironmongers and Stores

The British Thomson-Houston Co., Ltd., Mazda House, 77, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.

Branches in all large Towns.

"BULLETS"—NOW'S THE TIME!

Christmas is always an expensive season. So NOW'S THE TIME when a "Bullets" Prize would prove most welcome. Why not send in this week?

2nd PRIZE £25	FIRST PRIZE £250	2nd PRIZE £25

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10	100 PRIZES OF 5/-	1000 PRIZES OF 2/6	2000 Special 'Target' PRIZES	2000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

OVER 5,000 PRIZES TO BE WON THIS WEEK.

☛ **Please note that Competitors can now make use of a third coupon, which is to be found on the page opposite.**

No. Closing date, Thursday, December 30th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(169) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS No. 169," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing date, Thursday, December 30th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(169) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If two Coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition, **No. 170. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, JANUARY 6th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **170** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets," No. 170, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 170.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR	LIGHT BILL	AFTER NIGHT OUT	COSTLY ACTION
BEGINNING WELL	NOTHING TO SAY.	CAN'T AGREE	THOUGHTS OF HOME
BAND OF HOPE	RETURNED EMPTY	A GOOD FEED	JERRYBUILT HOUSE
NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE.	MAKES FATHER SORRY	RICH UNCLE	PET HOBBY
ILL AT EASE.	A MISUNDERSTANDING	AFTER CLOSING TIME	IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

Soldiers and Sailors desiring to send extra "Bullets" may submit them on plain paper. An entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each two "Bullets" submitted must be enclosed. If possible entry fees should be paid by English postal-orders. English stamps and notes on the Bank of France will also be accepted. No other notes of any kind will be accepted.

This week's list of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 169:—

TOMMY'S CHRISTMAS
ASK THE MISSUS
I CAN'T AFFORD
STANDING ARMY
AFTER THE PUDDING
PANTOMIME GIRLS
MIXING THINGS UP
NO CLASS
MAKING HERSELF PLAIN
ANOTHER STORY
PLAYING THE CLOWN
WITHOUT ASKING
TRYING TO WIN
MONEY MATTERS
IN DAYS OF OLD
SPOILING THE BABY
AFTER PARTING
STATE OF UNCERTAINTY
LADY CONDUCTOR
PAYING HIM BACK
NOT TAKEN IN
SINGLE GIRLS
IN RIGHT PLACE
ON THE MAKE
TOUGH CUSTOMER
JUDGING BY APPEARANCES
LOOKS SILLY
PLEASE CALL AGAIN
GETTING RESTLESS
WHAT THE KAISER NEEDS

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give TWO, THREE, or FOUR words, having some bearing on the example chosen. Any ONE of the words selected must begin with ANY letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will guide you:—

Example:—
STATE OF UNCERTAINTY.
Bullet:—
TRUANT'S, AFTER MEETING SCHOOLMASTER.
Example:—
AFTER PARTING.
Bullet:—
UNCLE RECEIVES PLEDGE.
Example:—
MONEY MATTERS.
Bullet:—
AFTER HONEYMOON.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated January 15th.

This week's Bullet Coupons will also be found in "Everywoman's Weekly" dated December 25th.

RESULT OF 166TH BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Mr. B. MOLE,
1, Cannon Hill Place, Hallam Street, Balsall Heath, Birmingham.

Example:—KING OF GREECE.
Bullet:—LIVES IN "CONTROLLED AREA."

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Mrs. TIMMER,
5, Pretoria Terrace, Buckland, Dover.

Example:—TOO MANY ADMIRERS.
Bullet:—THAT "CAT" NEXT DOOR.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mr. F. FIELD, C.Y.S., Central Signal Station, H.M. Dockyard, Portsmouth:
MOST PLEASANT WHEN—"BULLET" "TAKES OFF" KAISER.

Mrs. A. M. MORGAN, 35, Teilo Street, Cardiff:
MR. HENPECK—FIRST HOME—"REST" NOWHERE.

Mr. LESLIE E. WEBB, 121, Reservoir Road, Stockland Green, Birmingham:
EARLIER CLOSING—NATION "STOOD" TOO MUCH.

Mr. EDGAR HOBLYN, 89, Curtis Street, Swindon, Wilts:
TIME FOR SPEAKING—WHEN THE "NAIL'S" HIT.

Miss BARRY SMITH, c.o. Barnett, 17, Whitehill Street, Dennistoun, Glasgow:
THERE'S NO TELLING—SEX BY OCCUPATION NOW.

Mr. T. BRANTON, Kaslin Holme, Park Road, Spalding:
PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS—CAUSES MUCH "SPIRIT WRAPPING."

Pte. F. E. BOYCOTT, c.o. Messrs Davy Paxman and Co., Munition Works, Colchester.
KING OF GREECE—"KNOCKED" BEFORE "COMING IN."

Mrs. E. ALLMAN, 68, St. Clement's Hill, Norwich:
TIME FOR SPEAKING—WHEN YOU'VE GOOD "CAUSE."

FRED CHOPPING 216, Richmond Road, Hackney, London, N.E.:
EARLIER CLOSING—MENDING FEW, "BREAKING ALL."

Mrs. RUTHERFORD, 121, Nile Street, Gateshead-on-Tyne:
TOO MANY ADMIRERS—ARMY HAS, WANTS "FOLLOWERS."

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Mr. T. H PRICE, 70, Victoria Road, Peckham, London, S.E.
BEASTLY NUISANCE—THE PUB'S "TILL" LATELY.

Mr. W. FLETCHER, Weights and Measures Office, Town Hall, Sheffield:
TIME FOR SPEAKING—CONSTANTINE—"AFTER YOU. DEAR!"

Mr. J. M. CLIFFE, 36, St. Paul's Churchyard, London, E.C.:
KEEPS US GOING—GETTING "BIT" BETWEEN TEETH
(Sent in on a "Target" Prize Coupon)

Mrs. E. D BRYDEN c.o. Mr. Bell, 106, George Street, Willington, Quay-on-Tyne:
HELD DEAR—ANYTHING LAUNDRY LOSES.

Mr. W. CARVER, 2, Wolseley Terrace, Plymouth:
TOLD NOTHING—TILL "COMPLICATIONS" SET IN.

Mr. F. E. BROMLEY, 177, Lea Road, Wolverhampton:
MOST PLEASANT WHEN—RAZOR SHARP—BAREER DULL.

Miss C. MCNAIR, Wattville, Eversfield Road, Reigate:
WHEN ON HONEYMOON—THEY "ECONOMISE" ON "SPACE."

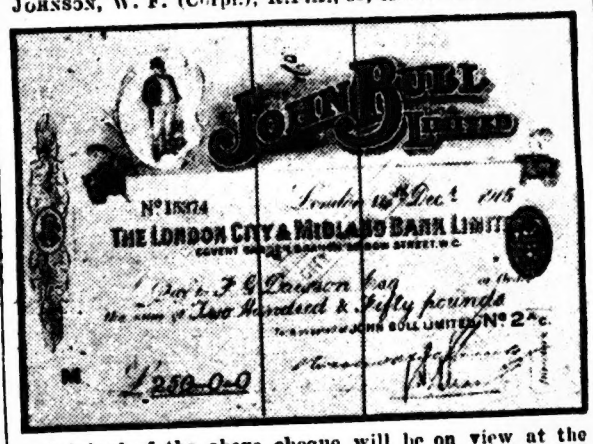
Mr. J. H. LOCKWOOD, Oatland's College, Oatlands Drive, Harrogate:
SECURING TURKEY—NOT LAST YEAR'S "CHESTNUTS"

Mr. H. G. HARRIS, 93, Bradford Road, Otley, Yorks:
MOST PLEASANT WHEN—MUNITION "PLANTS" BEAR FRUIT.

Mrs. A. MASSEY, 30, Lambert's Cottages, Talbot St., Nottingham:
DERBY RESULT—ALL OVER BAR "SHOOTING."

Selection from 100 Prizewinners of 5s. each.

ALLAN, GEORGE, 8, South Street, Bainsford, Falkirk.
ARNOLD, FLORENCE (Mrs.), "Vaenor," Hawarden Road, Colwyn Bay.
BANKS, C. (Mrs.), 1, King Street, Plymouth.
BARNES (Miss), Lee Green, nr. Matlock.
BARNES, WILLIAM, 84, Clegg's Lane, Little Hulton, nr. Bolton.
BATEMAN, G., The Studio, Weymouth.
BENNETT, F. (Mrs.), 234, High Street, Arbroath.
BEETON, A., 1727 F 1 Ward, Queen Mary's Military Hospital, Whalley, Lancs.
BEVAN, R. (Mrs.), Nantyfyllon, Glamorganshire.
BISPHAM, H., c/o Fletchers, Ltd., Butchers, Basingstoke.
BLOWERS, H. (Sergt.), 4th Coldstream Guards, B.E.F., France.
BOWLER, THOMAS, 11, Garton Road, Loughborough.
BRATT, F., Benbow Batt., Interr. Depot, Groningen, Holland.
BRADFORD (Mrs.), 76, Ascot Terrace, Pontefract Lane, Leeds.
BRIMBLE, A., 4, Carlingford Terrace, Radstock, Bath.
BROWN, CHARLES, 24, St. Katherine's Way, London, E.
BROOK, E. (Miss), Longmoor Camp, Hants.
BUMSTEAD, V., 25, High Street, Southwold.
BURTON (Q.-M. S.), 1, Rest Camp, Havre, France.
BUTTERFIELD, MARY, 64, Upperton Road, Leicester.
CARTER, CHARLES, 11, Henwood Road, Rotherhithe.
CHAMBERS, FRANK, Harvington, Kidderminster.
COCKERILL, JAMES, 17, Highfield Street, Beeston Hill, Leeds.
COLLINS, E., 88, Tysons Avenue, Gloucester.
COOK, L. (Mrs.), 51, Albert Road, Henley-on-Thames.
COOPER, J., Four Crosses Inn, Stafford.
CROFT, A., Hurstpierpoint, Sussex.
DICK, JAMES, 175, Gallowgate, Glasgow.
DIXON, R. E. (Pvt.), Inns of Court O.T.C. (T.), 29, George Street, Berkhamsted.
DUNHAM, C. (Pvt.), No. 1, F Hospital, Exeter.
FLINT, C. D., Brook Lodge, Cheshunt.
FRADLEY, H., 14, Price Street, Cannock, Staffs.
GARVEY, F. (Miss), 9, Meldon Terrace, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
GARWOOD, M. (Miss), New Street, Sheringham.
GILBEY, S., 53, Abercrombie Street, High Wycombe.
GOODALL, H., 50, Fairbank Road, Bradford.
GOVIER, G. (Pvt.), 1924, 2/3 Welsh Regt., Bedford.
HALES (Mrs.), 1, Hetley Road, Shepherd's Bush.
HALLETT, A. C., Market Place, Sturminster, Newton.
HICKMAN, CLARA (Miss), 2, Paget Road, Wolverhampton.
HOBBS, R. J. (Pvt.), 1066 S., 34 Room, Forton Barracks, Gosport.
HOWARTH, WILLIAM, 6, Witley Gardens, Southall.
HOBBS, V. F., 24, Somerset Road, Kingston, Surrey.
HUMPHREY (Mrs.), Sherwood Lodge, Drummond Road, Skegness.
HOWARD, S., Lordship Lane, Tottenham.
HUMFREY, D. (Mrs.), Upton, Dideot, Berks.
HUNWICK, B. G., 8, Ladywell Park Terrace, Lewisham.
INGLISS, A. (Miss), 98, Talbot Road, Bayswater.
JACK, ROBERT, 21, James Street, Motherwell.
JENKS, G. F., 77, Sparkenhoe Street, Leicester.
JOHNSON, W. F. (Corpl.), R.F.A., 59, Hedon Street, Hull.
JOHNSON, CHARLES, Woodland, Butterknowle, Co. Durham.
JOLAN, DANIEL, 5, Inverkirk Street, Greenock.
JORDAN, LUKE, 6, Fishguard Street, Everton, Liverpool.
KELLY, C., 173, Chickerell Road, Weymouth.
KING, A. E. L., "Mirador," Barclay Oval, Woodford Wells.
KNOX, J. E., 10, Wincott Street, Kennington.
LEE, W. H. (Mrs.), 7, Arncliffe Gardens, West Hartlepool.
LINK, H., 8, Fisher Street, Swansea.
LETHBRIDGE, CHARLES, Burnham Road, Highbridge, Somerset.
MASON, W., 35, Thorney Hedge Road, Gunnersbury, W.
MORGAN, D. H., 11, Poultry, E.C.
MATHIE, A. J., Kersmet, 7, Belmont Avenue, Ayr.
MORRIS, D. O., 12, Ashfield Road, King's Heath, Birmingham.
MURPHY (Mrs.), 44, South Street, Elgin.
NEAL, J. (Mrs.), 77, Essex Road, Portsmouth.
NEWHAM, HARRY, 14, Villa Road, Brixton.
NICHOLLS, G., Foxes Lowes, Holbeach.
OLDHAM, W. S., 2, Colenso Terrace, Burry Road, Harlow.
ORRELL, M. (Mrs.), King's Newton, nr. Derby.
PALMER (Mrs.), 254, Elland Road, Beeston, nr. Leeds.
PEARSON, A. L. (Miss), Iona Craig, Nantygamar Road, Llandudno.
PHILLIPS, JOSEPH, 65, Shakespeare Avenue, Milford Haven.
PHILLIPS, J. W., 51, College Street, Camborne, Cornwall.
PRICE, W. H., Tobacconist, 1, Barry, Glam.
RAMSDEN, T. (Rev.), St Philip's Vicarage, Dewsbury.
ROBERTSON, C. M. (Mrs.), 6, Mansfield Avenue, Kirkhill, Cambuslang.
ROBERTS, S. J., 73, Stanley Road, Gloucester.
ROBINSON, E. P., 20, Priory Avenue, Caversham.
ROWLES, G. (Miss), Belle Orchard, Ledbury, Herefordshire.
SAVIDGE, A. (Miss), 4, Blenheim Road, Ipswich.
SCORE, G. F., 9, West Borough, Wimborne.
SEAMAN, FRED, Fothington, Diss.
SEAMONS, WALTER, 40, Westbury Road, Bowes Park.
SHAXTED, P. J. 32, Lansdown Road, Canterbury.
SHEPHERD, E., Stationmaster, Thornton Heath.
SIMMONS, B. H., 55 Company, R.G.A., Moorish Castle, Gibraltar.
SMITH, WILLIAM, 15, Northgate Road, Ilkeston.
STEWART, WILLIAM, c/o Patrol Office, H.M. D. Colonel, Milford Haven.
STEVENSON, A. (Mrs.), 27, Salisbury Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
TWITCHELL, V. (Mrs.), Hillside, Union Lane, St. Albans.
TAYLOR, ARTHUR J., Rainham, Essex.
TRIGG, E., 31, New Park Terrace, Treforest.


JOHN BULL LIMITED
No 18574
Leeds 4th Dec 1915
THE LONDON CITY & MIDLAND BANK LIMITED
Pay to F. G. Dawson Esq or Order
the sum of Two Hundred & Fifty pounds
JOHN BULL LIMITED No 2
£250-0-0

Original of the above cheque will be on view at the premises of Messrs. H. Steel, Ltd., "Zanzibar Kiosk," 46, Boar Lane, Leeds, from Thursday, December 23rd, and subsequently at Messrs. C. H. Johnson, Call Lane, Leeds.

A reproduction of the cheque will be shown daily on the screen at The Coliseum, Leeds.

Owing to lack of space we are unable to publish a list of the 250 prize winners of Turkeys on this page. A complete list will be sent to any applicant forwarding a penny stamp to these offices, and will also appear in the "Competitors' Journal."

"BULLETS" RULES (*which must be strictly adhered to*).

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons can be used, but a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be enclosed and made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon must enclose one postal order for the amount covering the number of their coupons.

4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.

5. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualined judges.

7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Closing Date, Thursday, December 30th.

No. .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(169) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS IN THE ABOVE COMPETITION CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

After the pudding comes the time for story, song, and joke,
And, to complete the jollity, one's favourite little smoke
—CHAIRMAN JUNIORS.

The name 'Chairman' is the guarantee of excellence in quality and make of Chairman Juniors. There are no better cigarettes at their price and no better value than they are at 3d. for 10. No pictures or coupons with them—all the value in the cigarettes.

They are the original Chairman Cigarettes made a little smaller to permit them to be sold at the price. In every respect but size they are Chairman Cigarettes and are sold everywhere at

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